THE

Spirit of Missions

AN ILLUSTRATED MONTHLY REVIEW
OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS

FEBRUARY, 1918

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DOWN IN HAPPY VALLEY

Looking across the valley from the Patterson School (*See page* 121)

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OF CHRISTIAN MISSIONS

ARTHUR S. LLOYD, Editor CHAS. E. BETTICHER, Associate Editor

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THE PROGRESS OF THE KINGDOM

Latest News from Bishop Lloyd

THE latest word from Bishop Lloyd is contained in a cablegram received on January fifteenth from an unknown point. From it we have learned that things were going well. As communication is very irregular, it will in all probability be some time before word of his arrival or work in Liberia is received. In a letter dated December eighteenth, written from London, the bishop tells of having been able to get away for a five days' visit in France, and of his great satisfaction at having been privileged to witness the work which Dr. Watson is carrying on in Paris. "Everybody, of course, knows the heroic service the church in Paris has rendered and the relief it has been able to give through its own liberality and the assistance that has gone to it from friends in America. But I did not realize how single-handed Dr. Watson has been made able to render that service which above all the Church must render to Christendom. I have wished that some expression of sympathy and appreciation might have gone to the church in Paris from the whole American Church. It would have made things so much easier for those carrying a very heavy load, but in spite of all it seems to have been possible to let the whole world see that the Church, the Body of Christ knows only to minister to the sufferings of humanity."

I Can't Shoot A Gun

ONCE again the children of the Church have a special opportunity to show what splendid work they can do. Lent is at hand and the mite chests will soon be distributed and the call to help the missionary work of the Church will be emphasized in parishes throughout the length and breadth of the land. Girls and boys everywhere—not only our white children in America but our brothers and sisters in China and Japan and the Islands of the Sea, in Alaska, Mexico and even down under the Southern Cross in Brazil—will be asked to do something, and we hope everyone will take courage in the fact that many small efforts make a really great result. Shortly after the news reached Alaska that the United States had entered the war, a little girl at one of our missions on the Yukon was very much exercised as to just what was to happen and how she could best help. So she came to our missionary and said: "I can't shoot a gun but I can set a snare!"

But I Can Set A Snare

In the statement of this little Indian girl we have the right attitude of approach to a great interest such as the Lenten Offering. What if we *can't* give a thousand dollars apiece, we *can* give something. And what God looks to you girls and you boys to do, is to perform that which it is natural for you to do. Go back to our little Indian girl for a moment. Up in Alaska there are thousands of rabbits and they are very good for food. One of the very first things a girl remembers, is seeing her mother set snares for rabbits, and sometimes she is allowed to run along the trail to see if any have been caught. Before very long she can set snares all by herself and so she is allowed to have a certain trail all for her very own. Her father and her brother know about shooting moose and caribou and bear, but she doesn't understand how to get big game. But what she does know, she can do very well.

Don't you girls and boys think it would be a splendid thing to take the little Indian girl for an example this Lent? You and I don't understand much about those large offerings that some men and women are able to make, any more than little girls know how to shoot guns. But we *do know* about our mite chests, and how to work hard to earn money to put in them, and so God expects each one of us to do that. A long time ago Our Lord started his soldiers out to fight wickedness and suffering, and He wants everyone to "do his bit" gladly and cheerfully and faithfully. Don't you think that this Lent we might all follow the example of the brave little Indian girl who said: "I can't shoot a gun but I can set a snare!" Suppose we don't worry about what we *can't* do, but rather show God how well we are going to accomplish what we *can* do. Isn't it wonderful that God is willing to let us help Him!

The Lenten Offering

FOR a number of years we have given in this issue the relative standing of the dioceses and missionary districts in their work for the Lenten offering. The record for last year is most interesting and of the greatest encouragement. As in years past we have grouped the dioceses according to the *per capita* gift.

It is interesting to note at the outset that the eight which were in the lead last year are in their same relative positions this year, North Dakota standing first, as she has for years, and Honolulu coming next. Last year we reported six dioceses with a *per capita* gift of more than sixty cents. This year we report seven, Bethlehem having moved up. Of these seven only one reports a smaller offering than last year. North Dakota has jumped from $1.12 to $1.50 per child; Honolulu from $.87 to $1.04, thus making two dioceses (or rather two missionary districts) which are now making an average offering of more than $1.00.

Last year there were two which gave between sixty and fifty cents, and this year there are two, the second being Delaware, which jumped from eighteenth place last year to ninth this year. Another splendid advance is seen in the fact that this year we have fourteen dioceses which gave between fifty and forty cents, while last year we had but eleven. In this class, South Carolina jumped from 37th to 12th place; West Texas came from 48th to 13th; South Dakota from 36th to 14th; Erie from 34th to 16th; and Southern Ohio from 47th to 21st.

Great advances are seen also in Eastern Oklahoma (from 54th to 28th), Atlanta (from 59th to 29th), Quincy (from 49th to 36th), Western Massachusetts (from 60th to 39th), Michigan (from 71st to 40th), Western Colorado (from 72nd to 43rd), Louisiana (from 75th to 46th) and Oklahoma (from 82nd to 58th).

Above Sixty Cents

(1) North Dakota, (2) Honolulu, (3) Pennsylvania, (4) Montana, (5) Western Michigan, (6) Pittsburgh, (7) Bethlehem.

Sixty to Fifty Cents

(8) Missouri, (9) Delaware.

Fifty to Forty Cents

(10) Minnesota, (11) Dallas, (12) South Carolina, (13) West Texas, (14) South Dakota, (15) Kentucky, (16) Erie, (17) Connecticut, (18) New Hampshire, (19) Rhode Island, (20) Salina, (21) Southern Ohio, (22) Los Angeles, (23) So. Florida.

Forty to Thirty Cents

(24) New York, (25) New Jersey, (26) Arkansas, (27) West Virginia, (28) Eastern Oklahoma, (29) Atlanta, (30) Newark, (31) Vermont, (32) Maryland, (33) Easton, (34) Western Missouri, (35) Central New York, (36) Quincy, (37) Texas, (38) Lexington, (39) Western Massachusetts, (40) Michigan, (41) Milwaukee, (42) Michigan City, (43) Western Colorado, (44) Indianapolis, (45) Harrisburg, (46) Louisiana, (47) Georgia, (48) Olympia.

Thirty to Twenty Cents

(49) Massachusetts, (50) New Mexico, (51) Kansas, (52) Albany, (53) Western Nebraska, (54) Sacramento, (55) North Carolina, (56) Chicago, (57) Washington, (58) Oklahoma, (59), Eastern Carolina, (60) Eastern Oregon, (61) Fond Du Lac, (62) Iowa, (63) Nevada, (64) Nebraska, (65) Arizona, (66) Western New York, (67) Albany, (68) Utah, (69) Spokane, (70) Ohio, (71) Marquette, (72) North Texas, (73) Southern Virginia.

Under Twenty Cents

(74) San Joaquin, (75) Colorado, (76) Long Island, (77) Mississippi, (78) California, (79) Florida, (80) Virginia, (81) Maine, (82) Porto Rico, (83) Asheville, (84) Oregon, (85) Idaho, (86) Cuba, (87) Springfield, (88) Wyoming, (89) Brazil, (90) Kyoto.

Two Stalwart Officers Gone

MEN and women in many parts of the country will remember—as boys and girls—the Reverend Dr. Herman L. Duhring's missionary interest and work as illustrated especially in his connection with the "Sunday-school Auxiliary" to the Board of Missions. The favorite picture of Dr. Duhring is that which shows him giving one of his remarkable missionary addresses to children. Known far and wide as a *speaker,* he was known equally well as a *worker.* Possessing unusual ability as an organizer and a director of the efforts of others, Dr. Duhring served well the Church at home and abroad and was loved far and wide. On December thirtieth, at the age of seventy-six, he peacefully fell asleep.

Philadelphia in particular and the whole Church in general suffered another loss in the death on December the eleventh last of the Reverend J. Thompson Cole, one of our old-time missionaries in Japan, who had been for many years an officer of the American Church Missionary Society. Of late years, after the Society had entered into auxiliary relations with the Board of Missions, Mr. Cole's visits to the Church Missions House were but a few each year. Coming to attend to routine matters, he always left us the better for having seen him. Faithful to duty, painstaking in detail, he has contributed valued work to the Church at large and his works do follow him.

Our Cover

OUR little friend on the cover is an oil merchant of a different sort from those about whom we read in the papers. The picture was taken at the back door of the Hooker School, in Tacuba, Mexico City, and shows the happy-hearted little merchant coming down stairs with less oil and more money.

THE SANCTUARY OF MISSIONS

THANKSGIVINGS

WE thank Thee—

For the opportunity given us in the recurring of Lent to make special endeavor in behalf of Thy Church's Mission.

For the testimony of many devoted men. (Page 89.)

For the big results which grow from small beginnings. (Page 95.)

For the sending of our first missionaries to the Dominican Republic. (Page 101.)

For the work which Mr. Hoare is privileged to do. (Page 107.)

For the twenty-five years of service which Bishop Brooke has given to Oklahoma. (Page 109.)

For the devotion and wonderful example of the children in China. (Page 111.)

For the development of Church work down under the Southern Cross. (Page 125.)

For the valued work which our Church boys did. (Page 126.)

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INTERCESSIONS

WE pray Thee—

That we may all follow the steadfast example of our Lord in devotion to our duty.

That the people of South Dakota may be encouraged and strengthened in their work, and that the suffragan bishop may be blessed. (Pages 97 and 133.)

That the bishop of Eastern Oklahoma may have evidence of our prayers for his Indian people. (Page 103.)

That Bishop Mann may be given the help he needs to further the Church work in Southern Florida. (Page 105.)

That Mr. Dobbin and his coworkers down in Happy Valley may have the satisfaction of seeing their work grow in its service to mankind. (Page 121.)

That the "Good Gift of Water" may always be a type of the Water of Life and that the people of China may come to know its value. (Page 129.)

That the many special needs of missions throughout the world may be met. (Page 132.)

That Bishop Sage may be blessed and strengthened. (Page 133.)

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PRAYERS

For the Children of the Church

O LORD JESUS CHRIST, who dost embrace children with the arms of Thy mercy, and dost make them living members of Thy Church; give them grace, we pray Thee, to stand fast in Thy faith, to obey Thy word, and to abide in Thy love; that being made strong by Thy Holy Spirit they may resist temptation and overcome evil; and may rejoice in the life that now is, and dwell with Thee in the life that is to come; through Thy merits, O merciful Saviour, Who with the Father and the Holy Ghost livest and reignest one God, world without end. *Amen.*

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For the President of the Board

O LORD, the protector of all that trust in Thee, hear us who pray for the president of the Board of Missions as he journeys on sea and land; Guard him from all dangers, from the violence of enemies, from sickness and fatigue, and from every evil to which he may be exposed. Guide him as he plans for the progress of Thy Kingdom; Give the people of Liberia readiness and wisdom to help him in every way; And may it please Thee to bring him safely home again to serve Thy Church in gladness. Hear our prayer, Blessed Saviour, Thou Who with the Father and the Holy Ghost art one God world without end. *Amen.*

ALLELUIA

WONDERING WHETHER IT PAYS

By Bishop Frederick E. Johnson

A LETTER dropped on my desk in Christmas week from a surgeon whom I have learned to care about during these last six years in rural Missouri. He is with the American Expeditionary Forces in France. He left a wife and babies behind him when he volunteered. He is one of the six or seven faithful communicants who have always gathered for the Holy Communion on a week-day morning whenever I have gone myself or sent a minister to the little Missouri town where his home is. We have no chapel there and no organization there. Our Holy Communion services are held in the cottages of our friends. Our preaching services are held in churches which are placed at our disposal by kindly-affectioned pastors and people who are not of our communion. The record shows that we have had about twenty-five services in this particular little town during the past five years. It costs money to journey there, at the end of the railroad, and to journey back. Once when I was coming home the engine went through a burning trestle to the dry bottom of what is a creek when the streams are high; and it never came back. Another twelve inches and we who were in the coach, a dozen of us, would have gone where the engine went.

The Church sends me out as a missionary in rural Missouri. She asks me to give an account of my stewardship. She wants to know where I am placing men in the field, and who they are, and what it costs to place them there and to keep them there, and what they and I are accomplishing by reason of the offerings that flow through the treasury of the Missionary Board. That is as it ought to be. And we all of us have streaks of wondering whether it pays for the Church to minister in fifteen or twenty places that I might name, where our people in each place can be numbered without using up the fingers on both hands and where the future of the Church is uncertain.

No, it doesn't pay, if we must hang the dollar tag on all that the Church does or tries to do. But measured by the kind of measuring line that the man in khaki learns to carry with him in the trenches, these twenty-five services during the past five years in that little Missouri town had a value that can't be marked on any tag.

This is what my friend the surgeon writes me from the front in France:

> Our religious opportunities here are of a very unsatisfactory sort. . . . My thoughts often go back to the little mission at ———; and I have asked my banker to pay my pledge to the mission the same as when I was at home. . . . Some of us may not come back. But so long as the old flag comes home unstained by defeat, the other things do not matter much.

Our little mission stations and our cottage services *are* worth while, are they not, if, from the trenches, thankful "thoughts often go back" to them! And if the man who is sacrificing home and babies and comfort and income for his country and humanity, writes from the trenches where he is fighting to keep the old flag unstained by defeat and tells his banker to pay his pledge to the Church "the same as when (he) was at home" and charge it to account, surely we who stay at home, our lives and our homes and our dear ones and our properties defended and protected by the soldiers, the surgeons and the nurses at the front, our earning ability not impaired but rather enhanced by war conditions—surely we will not make the war conditions a convenient cover under which to hide while we are slacking in our pledges to the Church's missionary work! Surely we stand ready and eager to go "over the top" with the offering of our money, while men as good as we are go "over the top" with the offering of their lives! Surely we stand ready to give until it hurts to keep the banner of the Cross unstained by defeat, to rebuild the altars of God that are fallen down and to keep alive the Church's supplications until the day break and the shadows flee away!

God the all-merciful! earth hath forsaken
Thy ways of blessedness, slighted Thy word;
Bid not Thy wrath in its terrors awaken;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the all-righteous One! man hath defied Thee;
Yet to eternity standeth Thy word;
Falsehood and wrong shall not tarry beside Thee;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

God the all-wise! by the fire of Thy chastening,
Earth shall to freedom and truth be restored;
Through the thick darkness Thy kingdom is hastening;
Thou wilt give peace in Thy time, O Lord.

So will Thy people, with thankful devotion,
Praise Him Who saved them from peril and sword,
Shouting in chorus from ocean to ocean,
Peace to the nations, and praise to the Lord.

Fort Faithful,
St. Louis,
Jan. 1. 1918

Dear Boys and Girls of all the Sunday Schools of our Church:

It is New Year's Day. I wish you a Happy New Year!

It will be Lent soon, Feb. 13. Then I wish you a hard working forty days for Missions.

Our American Soldiers! How gallantly they have gathered to the Colors to fight for the Flag + our Country!

They will have to do a deal of marching. And little things going wrong make big things go wrong. I am told they choose smaller shoes than they ought. Then come corns and bunions and blisters. The shoes are short for the toes and pinch the feet and the soldiers march in pain.

You are Christian soldiers every one. You want to march to victory for Missions. Victory for us comes from the money we give. Last Lent we gave #190.000.00. Isn't that a little like short shoes and sore toes and pinched feet? Let's make it #250,000.00. Won't that mean roomy shoes and happy toes and easy feet? Hurrah for getting little things going right that the big things may go right.

Your General
Davis S. Tuttle Presiding Bishop

"THE WOMAN IN WHITE" WITH AMECA-MECA NESTLING AT HER FEET

UNDER THE SHADOW OF POPOCATEPETL

By T. T. McKnight

SOME of you may have heard of the little girl who, when she was asked not to talk so much, said, "Why, mother, I *have* to talk so much, because I have so much to say!" Well, sometimes I get a spell when I am like that little chatterbox, and then I just have to beg your kind-hearted editor to let me talk to you.

I think you will be interested in a visit I made a short time ago to one of our country congregations. Mr. Mellen, our archdeacon, was going to Ameca-meca, a little village at the foot of the two snow-topped volcanoes, Popocatepetl and Ixtaccihuatl, which you can see from Mexico City, and I persuaded him to let me go with him. For several years it has not been considered safe to make this trip on account of the fighting in Mexico, and for many months our native clergyman, Mr. Lopez, was cut off there from all communication with the outside world.

By seven in the morning Mr. Mellen and I were comfortably seated in a first-class coach and ready to start. You must know that here the trains have first, second and third-class coaches. The view from the window the entire way was one beautiful panorama. The foothills of the mountains were covered with green foliage, with here and there patches of brilliant red caused by the bright berries of the pepper trees. The flat-roofed mud houses nestling among the hills as if seeking protection, and the white-walled churches on the crests of the hills, made the scenery interesting and picturesque. At the stations were the usual sights, men in bright colored blankets and women selling every variety of food from ripe olives to cooked wild duck.

We went well guarded, for between us and the engine were three freight cars full of soldiers who sat on the roof and in the doors with their guns in readiness in case of attack, and at each station were rows of soldiers in readiness for any emergency. As Ameca-meca is about five hundred feet higher than Mexico City—which is itself 7,500 feet above sea-level—the road was uphill all the way. At one place the grade became too steep for the poor old engine, so they divided the train, taking the soldiers and the cars loaded with *pulque* on to the next switch and coming back for us an hour later. This delayed us so much that we did not reach the town until half-past eleven. The clergyman and his wife met us at the station and we went right on to the church, where we found the congregation patiently waiting for us.

The rector, who has remained at his post through all these dangerous times, read the service, preached the sermon, played the organ and led the singing. How do you suppose he managed the recessional? He simply left the organ and marched down the aisle singing the last verse of the hymn. And as there was no choir he was the whole procession. After service Mr. Mellen told the wonderful story of Shadrach, Meshach and Abed-nego. It was well told and must have especially appealed to these people, who have to stand firm in the midst of ridicule and even danger.

We have a very good well-built chapel here, simply but suitably fur-

nished. The decorations were unique. On the altar cross was hung a wreath of artificial flowers, and in the vases were bright-colored, home-made worsted roses. However, this was not for want of the beauties of nature, for the altar and super-altar, as well as the chancel rail, were covered with a variety of beautiful real flowers. The people had done their best to adorn the church. Outside the chancel was a small table covered with a white and blue crocheted mat and on this was a white glass lamp-shade surrounded by bright flowers cut minus a stem!

I have left the congregation to the last because it was the most interesting part. There were about twelve men and as many women and perhaps half a dozen children. Of the men, only two wore shoes. The man who took up the offering wore sandals, blue cotton trousers, unbleached muslin shirt and a very ragged blanket with his head through a hole in the middle. But he was as reverent and dignified as one of your long-coated senior wardens, and he is doubtless as true to his religion and his God as the heroes of Mr. Mellen's story. One thing I noted in this connection, every member of the congregation put a coin of some kind into the alms basin.

One old fellow apparently could not read, but he knew the hymns and much of the service from memory and enjoyed "doing his bit" whenever possible. Even the smallest children seemed to know how to find the places in the Prayer Book.

My object in going to this place was to arouse interest in the Hooker School, for we have had no pupils from this district. Mr. Mellen introduced me and after his story I talked informally with the parents. I told them, among other things, that if they would send us their girls the rector would not have to play the organ, for we teach the girls how to play the hymns and music for the services.

It was by this time so late that we only had time to eat our dinner before taking the train for our return trip. We had not been able to get a very good view of the volcanoes all day, but now old "Popo" showed himself in all his glory and was so near that it seemed we could almost touch the snow, and it did look so very cold! Ixtaccihuatl (The Woman in White) was more bashful than her husband and kept herself hidden in a veil of clouds until the sun was almost set.

We fairly coasted back to the city and reached home in good time for supper. The whole day had been an inspiration. The beautiful scenery, the quaint little village, the reverent worshipers and the faithful priest, made me feel that indeed "The works of the Lord are great".

And now you must forgive me if I take time to tell you a "teeny" bit about the Hooker School, for that is where my heart is. At the beginning of this story you will see a picture of our youngest baby-girls. They have such bright little eyes and are so tiny that the girls call them *los ratoncitos*, or "the little mice". They are the greatest of chums and try to do everything in the same way and at the same time. They dress alike, when the aprons sent us by our friends at home permit such a thing. The father of the one on the left is dead and the other one's father has deserted his family and left the mother with four little girls to care for. So we have had to assume entire charge of this one and would not feel badly if some friend were to offer to give her a scholarship!

I am sorry I have no picture of the newest members of our family, a little boy pig and a little girl pig. They are so gentle and so cunning! The little girl has on a brown and black spotted dress and the boy is becomingly dressed in a black suit. Can't some of the boys and girls suggest names for them?

JAPANESE BABIES LIKE TO PLAY TOO

We are indebted to Miss Upton for this attractive picture. This is one of many of the young Japanese women who have become interested in the work of the Church and either have been or are of great help in working among the children

HIDE CHAN

By Anna L. Ranson, Deaconess

THE home was a second-hand shop, small, dark and crowded. On bright days he used to crawl out to the front of the shop where, the heavy wooden shutters being down, the sun could stream in and he could see some of the passers-by. It was along this road, hot and dusty in summer, deep in mud during the snow and rainy seasons, that four of the students from the Training School used to pass, on their way to Oide and Goroku, two villages where we hold *Sunday*-school every Saturday.

No Japanese notice the days of the *week* very much, the date of the month being usually used. But Hide (Heday) Chan's mother became accustomed to seeing the Training School girls pass on Saturday and so one day when a change had been made and they went on Monday instead her calendar was all upset. "Why", she called out as they came by, "is this Saturday? I thought it was another day."

The girls used to stop occasionally and speak especially to Hide Chan. Such a pitiful little fellow he was. From the time he was a baby he had had some dreadful spinal disease and never had he walked or stood up once in his life. He had to go all the time on his hands and knees and so the rest of his body was very little developed. He looked about seven or eight years old and the students were surprised to hear that he was fourteen. But his brain was quite normal and he had learned to read simple books and to write, and he was always most interested to hear of things that were going on in the world around him, from which he was so much cut off.

One of the students, Sato San, was especially interested in Hide Chan and anxious to help him and so she stopped

often to speak to him and leave newspapers with pictures (which had come all the way from America) and in various ways to do something to brighten up his life.

Hide Chan was the cleverest thing with his hands! He had learned to take wax candles, color the wax with pencils of various colors which he got from the boys he knew, and make all sorts of pretty and unusual things. Figures of men and women, carts, flowers, tools, anything he had once seen he seemed able to reproduce. He sent some to us at the school and we thought they were really wonderful and that he showed a talent which ought to be developed and made of practical use. We sent him some clay, such as we used in the kindergarten, and with that he was able to do even more than with the wax and some of the work certainly is beautiful.

But just think what a lonely, hard life for a little boy. The neighbors tried to be kind, but they were busy, hard-working and poor people and Hide Chan spent many lonely days.

When she had grown to know him a little, Sato San taught him Bible stories and sang hymns with him, and then took him simple books which he was able to read or she read to him. Neither he nor his parents had ever known anything about God or Christ, and they listened willingly while Sato San told of the Loving Father and of His Son Who loved little children and went about healing and helping the poor and sick. Hide Chan and Sato San became great friends and one wonderful day she told him that there was to be a party at the kindergarten, where many children came every day, and that he was invited to come too.

Hide Chan had to go to the party on his grandmother's back; she was quite an old woman but Hide Chan was not at all heavy, poor little chap, and the old woman had often carried him around that way. The kindergarten was a very long way from his home, but although the teachers offered to send a *jinrikisha* for him his grandmother did not want to accept it and said she was quite able to carry him. The rooms were decorated with all kinds of beautiful little things that the children had made and with flowers, and he heard singing such as he had never dreamed of, and saw the children play many kinds of games and do things which aroused his wonder and admiration. There was a nice place arranged for him in the corner of the room, where he sat on a cushion and watched all the entertainment. The children had made gifts for him, as well as for their parents and the other guests and I am sure that not one of them appreciated these gifts more than did little Hide Chan. It was his first Christmas and he listened eagerly to the wonderful story, told simply by the teacher and sung of by the children, of that Christmas long ago when One was born Who has blessed the lives of children ever since.

Soon Hide Chan's friends began to gather when the teacher went to his house and in a few months a well-organized Sunday-school was formed and forty children came regularly to hear the Bible stories and sing the Christian hymns. Then Hide Chan was having special instruction preparing for Holy Baptism. And when the time came for the next Christmas preparations the teachers in the kindergarten received a note from Hide Chan saying "Won't you come this year please to *my* Christmas party?"

But during the winter the little boy failed very much and in February he died, his Bible and Hymnal, his best-loved possessions, by his side to the last.

But the Sunday-school started in his house still goes on and moreover has a branch which was opened in another country house at the request of an old man who visited at Hide Chan's Sunday-school.

A MILD SAMPLE OF WHAT GUMBO CAN DO

GUMBO AND GUMPTION

By Bishop Burleson

BISHOP BURLESON

HOW many of you ever heard of Gumbo? No, he's not a giant in a fairy story, but a kind of dirt. Probably more of you know about Gumption — especially if your ancestors lived in New England. Gumption is as you all know a kind of "grit". Now when the editor of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS asked me to write something for this Lenten Offering Number I thought I might tell you what happened when Gumption met Gumbo.

It was last May, out on the Missouri River in South Dakota, at a place called Chamberlain. The archdeacon and I went there for a Sunday morning service, and were to go on twenty-five miles to Fort Thompson, on the Crow Creek Indian reservation, getting there Sunday night, for a very special event which I shall tell you about later. Well, Saturday afternoon it rained, and Sunday morning it poured, and Sunday afternoon it deluged; then it went back to the beginning, and did the same thing over again. Nobody came for us Sunday afternoon, and nobody was on hand Monday morning. You see, wicked old giant Gumbo was getting in his "dirty work". He had the drivers scared out. But we just *had* to get to Crow Creek; many people were waiting for us there, and a very important service was to be held.

Unwilling to wait longer on the chance of being sent for, the archdeacon and I began to scour the town for a conveyance. All the morning we had no luck. Garages and livery stables were visited, but each proprietor made the same reply: "No, sir! Wouldn't send a machine or a team out for any money. Couldn't get there anyhow, through the Gumbo". It had stopped raining, and there were signs of clearing, but the Missouri hills were thoroughly soaked and the irresistible Gumbo was at its worst.

Gumbo, you see, is the "slippiest", stickiest, most impossible mud you ever heard of. It lurks along the Missouri river; there are hills and valleys of it—probably the worst in the world. It grabs hold of everything within its reach, and it never lets go. The only thing which will conquer Gumbo is Gumption—gumption and a span of mules. Fortunately we found a man who had both of these, and he offered to take us to Crow Creek.

We started directly after dinner, with the lightest kind of buggy which would carry the three of us, and a wonderful trip we had! The little mules were "game" and the driver was good, but if you never travelled through Gumbo you could not understand. The wheels keep on revolving, and each time gather up more mud. None of it ever drops off—until you push it off. Larger and larger they grow, until they look like enormous automobile tires; then they begin to fill in solid between the spokes of the wheel. That is the time you want to look out; those wheels, loaded with mud, weigh about 300 pounds each. Old Giant Gumbo is trying to break you down. You get a spade, or an axe, or a stout board, and you dig, and pry, and pound that mud off the wheels—some of it. It is a good plan, while one man is driving, to have the other two constantly poking away at the wheels. You must not drive off the muddy roads onto the attractive grassy places, for old Gumbo loves grass; the mud on the wheels simply pulls the grass up by the roots, and makes the mass bigger and more solid than ever. Our driver made this mistake where a tempting patch of grass appeared in a little hollow, but so quickly did the wheels clog with the growing mass that before we reached the top of the farther slope the plucky little mules had pulled the oak "evener" squarely in two. The evener, you know, is the long piece which fastens to the tongue, by which the team pull the vehicle.

Then we *were* in trouble. Twelve miles from Chamberlain, and a little more from Fort Thompson, and the afternoon fast going! We tied things together with straps as well as we could, and all got out to walk. Did I say walk? We will call it that, because it is the usual term; but "slip,—slide,—wade,—waddle" would be more descriptive. We stepped into the road, and got muddy feet; we tried to wipe them on the grass—and pulled up all the grass. In a little while our feet looked like gun-boats, and weighed like lead. Fortunately our way lay down-hill, so that we could ride occasionally, and after a mile or so we came to a stream, on the bank of which was a farm-place. No one was at home, but it was plain that Indians lived there, and all Indians are friends of ours, so we began a hunt—and it was successful. There in a shed, exactly as though it were waiting for us, was the identical thing we had broken. We "borrowed" it immediately, and went on our way. The owner proved to be one of our own Indian communicants who was waiting our arrival at the mission, and who was glad to have helped the bishop on his way.

After that things were comparatively easy. We had conquered the gumbo hills of Crow Creek, and the rest of the way lay along lower

BLESSING THE MONUMENT

The picture is taken at the grave of the Reverend Hachaliah Burt at the time of the memorial service on May 22, 1917. The four girls represent the four missions which were under his charge and are holding the flowers which had been previously laid on the altar in the church. The cross is made of Sioux Falls granite

ground—hard enough, muddy enough, but nothing compared with the Gumbo, which only Gumption can surmount.

Did I tell you that we were a little late to the service, and had to snatch a hasty supper while the Indians were gathering? And another thing: Don't try to brush it off—that Gumbo; it is a waste of time. Just let it wear off!

But there! I was going to tell you about that service. It wasn't one service only, but several. The one we held directly after our arrival would have interested you, for twenty-two Indians, men, women and children, were confirmed. But the most impressive service during the two days, and the one for which so many had assembled, was held on the following afternoon.

Perhaps you have heard of the Reverend Hachaliah Burt, who was for nearly forty-five years one of our missionaries here among the Dakota Indians. Those who loved him had erected a monument to his memory, and it was blessed during a memorial service.

The storm-clouds of Monday had passed, and the brilliant sun of the western plains had dried the mud and warmed the atmosphere. The day could hardly have been more perfect for the purpose. At 2:30 all met in the church—so far as they could get in. On the altar were four wonderful bouquets of flowers which four girls—representing the four missions on the reservation—were to carry and lay upon the grave. These the bishop blessed, and then the procession formed, with flags and banners, and marched—a half-mile long of changing colors and interesting figures, some in shoes and some in moccasins, some in hats and fancy wraps, and some in shawls and blankets—to the well-kept cemetery on the brow of the hill, where the devoted missionary of many years lies surrounded by those whom he loved and served. The singing—all in the Dakota lan-

PREPARING THE NOONDAY FEAST

This is a very usual sight at our Indian gatherings, and it is astonishing how quickly the meals are prepared and how good they taste! Many difficult transportation problems are solved by possessing so movable a household!

gauge—was wonderful, and the speeches—also in Dakota, except that of the bishop which was interpreted—were listened to with keen interest and deep emotion. Particularly was this shown when the bishop blessed the monument, and the lovely flowers carried by the four girls were laid on the grave, covering it completely. Like devoted children these Indians mourned and paid honor to their spiritual father.

But they did something more than express their grief in words; they began that day the erection of another monument, even better than the stone cross in the cemetery. Mrs. Burt and her sister, Miss Blanchard, who had also given their whole lives to the Crow Creek Indians, must be properly provided for. A new man would come to take up the work, and would move into the Mission House. That was right and necessary, but these two dear ladies must have a home of their own. So their Indian friends decided, and the bishop was glad to approve. The offerings of that day were devoted to this purpose; many sums from the Indian country have been added since, and now an attractive and comfortable cottage is in process of building and on the church grounds, where some day, when its present occupants no longer need it, it will make a useful building for the general purposes of the mission. This is called the "Burt Memorial", and a very fitting one it is; for the best memorial to those who are gone is to care for the dear ones they leave behind. The cottage will cost $2,000; of this the Indians have given $600, and the bishop hopes that many throughout the Church who knew and loved Mr. Burt will want to have a share in this gracious and kindly act, which was born in the souls of his Dakota children.

Once again the love of Indian people for one who loved them has found expression in a simple, kindly manner which must bespeak our interest and enlist our admiration.

MR. WYLLIE AND COLUMBUS

By the Reverend Arthur R. Gray, D.D.

In fourteen hundred and ninety-two
Columbus sailed the ocean blue

BUT can you tell me the name of the island where he made his headquarters? At any rate can you spell it? No one could blame you if you couldn't, for though he spelled it *Española* even those who write geographies nowadays spell it "Hispaniola". As a matter of fact, it was, I expect, because of this difficulty that years ago they began calling the island *Santo Domingo,* after the name of its principal city. Since *Santo Domingo* means "Holy Sunday" we might say that it was Holy Sunday Island.

It was on that great big island that Christopher Columbus lived—at least as we would say he kept his trunk there, for he was always off on his boat trying to find a way to get through to what we call the Pacific Ocean. Still, Española was where he had his letters sent, and so it is the spot above all others associated with his great name, in the minds of many people.

People who go to Santo Domingo city to-day can see the remains of the house Christopher's brother Diego lived in, and they also can see what is left of the first stone church built in the new world, and in that church the tomb of Christopher himself.

When I tell you therefore that it is to this place that we are sending a new missionary, you will at once feel as if you were hearing about an old friend. Just think of it, Mr. Wyllie is going to live right near the place where the man who discovered America is buried!

And then there is another thing about it that ought to interest you. Many years ago that most awful of all the white man's exhibitions of greed, slavery, was started—so far as America was concerned—on this unhappy island, and though before most of us were born it was done away, there are many grandchildren of these unfortunate slaves still living, and it is to them in particular that Mr. Wyllie is going to preach the Gospel.

CATHEDRAL, SANTO DOMINGO
Showing the tomb of Columbus

So let your hearts go with Mr Wyllie as he sails the ocean; and since the waters he must cross are no longer unknown, and since the color *blue* represents what is unknown, while the color *green* stands for what is familiar to us all, let us change the old rhyme with which we began and say:

In nineteen hundred plus eighteen
Mr. Wyllie sailed the ocean green.

A RECENT CONVOCATION IN CHELSEA, OKLAHOMA

Many of the Choir are Cherokee Indians

HOW CHILDREN CAN HELP EASTERN OKLAHOMA

By Bishop Thurston

IF I were asked what you children could best do to help some other children here in Eastern Oklahoma, who ought to be in the Church, it would be that all of us should pray and work to bring the Gospel to a certain group of Indians here. Many of these Indians have so much money that they don't know what to do with it, and so, of course, they waste it. They seem never to have any money, either, for they are always borrowing at the bank, and when their payments come from the Government they are obliged to pay most of it back to the banks. And then they start all over again. There is a family of our Church among these particular people, you might say the name was *Going Snake,* or *Turkey Legs,* or *Eagle Feather,* it is not important. But this is important, that there are two fine boys in that family and we ought to have one of them for the ministry of the Church. Nothing could help these people more powerfully, or more directly than having one of their own number in the ministry. We have a very good church, and many loyal Church-folk in the main town in this section of the state; and these Church-folk are helping greatly. But all of us know that where our treasure is there will our heart follow. And we know further that our treasure is really the blessed lives God has loaned to us for a while. If we use these lives—our own and those of our children, particularly the latter—properly, then surely our hearts will follow them. And so I say, that our treasure, being these precious lives, if we will see that they are helpful to others, our hearts will certainly follow after.

THREE GENERATIONS OF OSAGE INDIANS

Of course, no one must think that nothing is now being done for them. Much is being done. But it is not enough and it never will be enough until the Church with its beautiful service, its definite Creed, its appealing Sacraments, comes to them with conviction. And no one can bring it to them better than one of their own number. And so I am appealing for the prayers of our people, our children's prayers, that among these really fine red folk a child of their own may be raised up to lead them into Light. Here is one very definite way in which children can help.

THE CATHEDRAL SCHOOL FOR GIRLS, ORLANDO, FLORIDA

EL SALVADOR PAROCHIAL SCHOOL, WEST TAMPA, FLORIDA

SOUTHERN FLORIDA AT A GLANCE

By Bishop Mann

AT WORK AT SAINT ALBAN'S

MOST people seem to regard Southern Florida as a land of oranges and hibiscus, where the tourist fishes and golfs, and a few inhabitants exist by supplying tourist needs, or on the volunteer bounty of yams and bananas.

But Southern Florida has a population of 400,000, scant indeed for its more than 37,000 square miles, but making many cities and towns of considerable size and business. And its country folk carry on industries of strenuous toil—cattle-raising, vegetable-growing, phosphate mining, and so on—as well as those orchards of citrus and *avocado,* which themselves are by no means sinecures.

There is much now going on in Southern Florida; there will be much more in the next decade; there will be immensely more in the next quarter-century.

But the year 1917 was a dark one, financially, for this district. Besides the continued crippling of its chief industries by the war—not compensated by any appreciable production of war supplies—there was a February freeze which ruined most of the citrus crop. So the regular residents, who compose the bulk of the congregations in our parishes and missions, had heavy losses.

SAINT LUKE'S HOSPITAL, ORLANDO, FLORIDA

This Church institution has been of great service throughout a large section of country. Recently Bishop Mann has endeavored to place it on a sound financial basis so that its future may be assured

Nevertheless, there has been progress. The confirmations of 1917 slightly exceeded those of 1916, which were a large excess over those of 1915. Two churches were consecrated, one chapel was built, one guild hall was built, two churches were moved to better sites and enlarged, and many minor improvements were made.

The missionary apportionment was paid; and the full amount asked by the Church Pension Fund was raised.

The Church work in the district divides into two portions—white work and negro work. Both of these divide into two classes—parochial and institutional.

There are thirteen white parishes and one for negroes; sixty-five white missions and ten negro missions. All of these have buildings—of course in many cases very simple ones. There are thirty-four clergymen engaged in white work, and seven in negro work. Two priests, canonically resident, are serving as chaplains in the U. S. Army.

The institutions for white work are the Cathedral School for Girls, and Saint Luke's Hospital, both situated in Orlando. The hospital has four acres of ground and seven buildings, including the chapel and chaplain's house, and accommodates fifty patients. It has a good equipment, with the best X-ray machine and best operating tables. But it has been closed for a year. I found it running behind $250 on its current expenses. I therefore closed it until it should have an endowment of $50,000. Of that sum $40,000 is now in hand. The first $5000 is pledged. So it needs only $5000 to start the hospital again on its beneficent service. I should add that the hospital has a building for negroes—it is one of the few in Florida which makes such provision.

The Cathedral School for Girls has a noble record for twenty years, and will improve that record in the future if it is decently supported. In 1917 it was crowded to its limit of forty boarding pupils. If it is to grow, it must have additional room. Accordingly I have just bought an adjoining piece of ground with a ten-room house at the price of $7500. This is a venture of faith. I have not a cent to pay on that purchase. But I hope somebody will give the dollars. There should be people who can trust me not to have taken this risk unless it was absolutely necessary.

The institutions for negroes are, first, six parochial schools—three with their own buildings—all well attended by from fifty to one hundred and fifty pupils. Most of these pupils pay something for tuition, which shows the appreciation of their poor parents.

Then there is Saint Alban's Industrial School, at Cocoanut Grove. It has twenty acres of ground and two buildings. Here are five teachers and one hundred and twenty pupils. Here are taught, besides the usual branches, domestic science and dressmaking, basketry and carpentry.

This school is the best thing of its kind in Florida. We ought to have another building and the salaries for two more teachers.

Such, in the space I am limited to, is my statement of the Church work in Southern Florida.

ESKIMO MOTHER

IN THE FAR NORTH

By the Reverend A. R. Hoare

EXISTENCE for the Eskimos in the past has been peculiarly dreary: The struggle for life demanded all their energies. The problems of food and warmth required daily solution. It was with no idle interest that the women and children awaited the return of the hunters, as singly or in pairs they came back from their weary quest. Failure to find seals meant not only shortage of food but a lack of fuel supply of blubber to feed the lamps which provided warmth and light within the *igloo*. It also meant a dearth of skins for clothing and the long skin boots or *mukluks*.

The Eskimos are not an inventive race; they possess no written language, so literary pleasures are denied them. Stories and experiences are handed down by word of mouth and naturally become much garbled in the process. In studying their history it is hard to know where fact ends and fiction begins. Their sole amusements have been the relating of marvelous stories, and dances in the *igloo*. Once a year, at the close of the whaling season, a great *oo-nel-i ga-took* or time of feasting, took place, when the *muktuk* (the black skin of the whales) was consumed, the flukes being a special delicacy.

It is the aim of the mission to brighten their lives materially as well as to guide them in the spiritual life. The first phonograph on Point Hope was a gift from Bishop Rowe nine years ago. A good selection of hymn records was sent, and the people

learned a number of tunes by singing with the phonograph. The Eskimos possess no musical instruments other than the drum, but they are passionately fond of music and are very apt at picking up tunes. A good string or brass band could easily be formed.

The magic lantern is a never ceasing source of instruction and amusement and there is great competition to be included in a picture for a slide. The generosity of the Woman's Auxiliary provides a gift at Christmas for everyone reached by the mission, and warm clothing for the tots.

Fire balloons are sent up on special occasions. A supply of large rockets is kept on hand, so that when an off-shore wind springs up and the ice breaks away from the shore, a rocket can be fired from the mission as a signal for the hunters on the ice to hurry back and for the canoes in the village to be prepared in readiness to ferry over the belated ones. Unquestionably lives have been saved in this manner.

The general health of the community has been greatly improved through attention to the principles of hygiene. It is a pleasant sight to see the long line of natives, in their clean *artiges,* wending their way to church.

Some time ago the missionary asked Captain Bartlett, who commanded the ill-fated *Karluk* in Mr. Stefansson's expedition, how three Point Hope Eskimos had behaved as members of his crew. The captain replied, with a twinkle in his eye, that they worked well, but were more trouble than all the rest of the crew put together because each one wanted his separate basin and towel and tooth-brush!

Eskimo dwellings are steadily being improved and made more sanitary. Government schools, established at various points, are helping to civilize the natives, and the herds of reindeer provide a certain amount of meat and skins for clothing.

The natives themselves are helping in the work of civilization. One of our Eskimo boys is now at school in Massachusetts, trying to fit himself for the great task of bearing to his people God's message of salvation.

Slowly but surely material conditions are being improved, but behind all the efforts for social betterment, we keep trying to impress the fact that growth must come from *within* as well as from *without*—that it is the love of our Saviour and the desire to copy the Christlife in the cultivation of self-denial and service that alone can bring true happiness and well-being.

THE RETURN OF THE SEAL HUNTER

CROWD AT THE OPENING OF OKLAHOMA LAND TO HOMESTEADERS

TWENTY-FIVE YEARS OF OKLAHOMA LIFE

By Bishop Brooke

BISHOP BROOKE

SO much a matter of fact and history has the wonderful growth of this state become that it is to many people already ancient history and almost forgotten in its astonishing uniqueness. And many of our people have almost grown tired of hearing of Oklahoma. Its old history as the long-time Indian Territory, the home after 1837 of the five Civilized Tribes, and before that and after the range of the nomadic western tribes, is forgotten largely, even by the present citizens of the state, and only a comparatively small part of them remember vividly—so recent is their coming to it, so changed are conditions—the strangely rapid changes of pioneer days of even fifteen, twenty, or twenty-five years ago. Up to 1889 white people were few save along one line of railroad running from Kansas to Texas, where a few thousand kinfolk and friends of the civilized Indians, or barely tolerated coal miners and tradespeople, had filtered in. But when the six counties of "Old Oklahoma", a small bit of land in the center, were opened to homestead settlement, April 22, 1889, and 70,000 people populated that area within a week, changes and developments were rapid and kaleidoscopic.

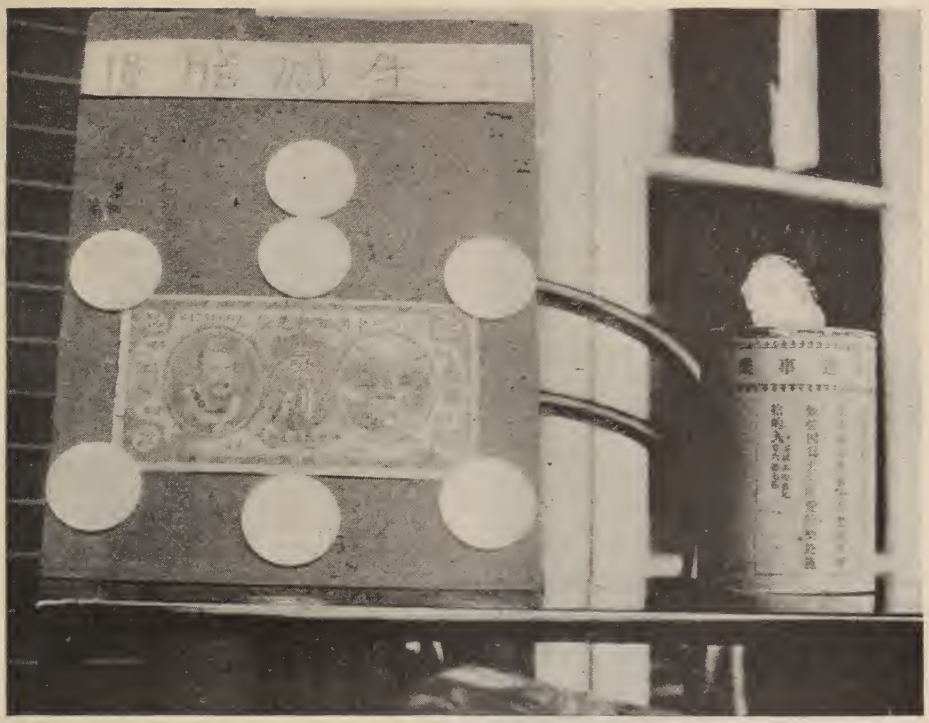
At intervals of a year up to 1893 other reservations and tracts were opened and settled, and in January, 1893, there were near to 400,000 people, white and Indian; more than the population now of any Rocky Mountain state except Colorado. In Oklahoma Territory they were homestead farmers and townspeople trading with the farmers. In the Indian Territory they were renters, ranchmen, coal miners and business men working with them.

For four years of this new life our Church did nothing. Not a half-dozen services in fifty years had been held in the Five Tribes region save by an occasional army chaplain. Two young priests had established missions at two or three Oklahoma towns. An Indian mission (to Kiowas and Cheyennes) had been begun in 1881 and abandoned. There was not probably one communicant to a thousand people. Why this was so is hard to explain or understand.

In 1893 a missionary bishop was sent but he had only a little money and few men to help him for a while. From 1893 to 1910, seventeen years, services were established, not always permanently, in sixty-five towns. In all but two or three the bishop was the pioneer, sometimes for months the only visiting pastor. Three thousand communicants were gathered and tended, forty-two churches (of a sort) were built and some twenty clergy enlisted. But many places had to be passed over. In many there was little or no demand for our Church. Then the Church divided the district, and under the vigorous hand of Bishop Thurston, Eastern Oklahoma, where the largest wealth, greatest growth, and best results have since been gained, was cared for.

In 1907, eighteen years after the first white settlers came, the two territories were made into one great state, with 1,450,000 people, on its admission ranking as the twenty-third state in the Union, having then more people, gathered in eighteen years, than the combined population (then) of Utah, Nevada, Wyoming, Idaho, New Mexico, and Arizona. It is rated as having 2,000,000 now. Let us put the story in figures. They are too remarkably astonishing to be dry figures. In 1889, less than 90,000 people, mostly Indians; now 2,000,000 people. Then no town of 1000 inhabitants; now close to 200 towns ranging from 1,000 to 75,000. Its schools, higher and lower, strongly established and crowded with students, its charitable and reformatory institutions well equipped and reasonably well managed.

And the Church and Her work? Ah, there we humbly hang our heads and say we are only "unprofitable servants". Fifty-three churches and chapels house our (about) 3,800 communicants; fifteen rectories help to take care of our twenty-five working clergy. Some 1700 Sunday-school children are taught. A useful hospital in McAllister and a Church House for women at the State University in Norman are doing good work, and this Church touches and helps people in something over eighty cities and towns. This includes both districts. Of all these results we only dare to say "What are they among so many" opportunities, some postponed, some I fear lost. Yet we are humbly thankful to feel that some good foundations have been laid in these twenty-five years, and especially in Eastern Oklahoma constructive upbuilding is going forward well and wisely. Other Christians, Roman Catholic and Protestant, have done great work and will keep pace with the great growth, especially for the many who are "their own". This is no godless or irreligious people. Far from it. Yet there are still open doors and crying needs for the Church's work. God helping Her, will She not do it better in the next twenty-five years?



THE STORY OF A CHINESE MITE-BOX

By the Reverend J. M. B. Gill

CHILDREN everywhere, I believe, like to put money into a mite box. I can remember eight or nine years ago in the parish at home of which I was rector, how the girls would make candy and sell it to get money for their Lenten mite boxes, and the boys would do chores, and both boys and girls would sell THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS, all to help the Church carry the Message which the Risen Lord commanded us to carry to all peoples.

Now the picture at the top of this page represents another story about children putting money in Lenten mite boxes. And here is a picture of the Mite Box, made of a "Carnation Cream" can with a label covered with texts from the Chinese Bible pasted on it. Over here in Nanking there is a great orphanage supported by the government, and most of the children there were kidnapped away from their homes way up north of the Yang Tze river by rough soldiers and afterwards rescued by a good general who knew that unless they *were* rescued they would be worse than orphans—they would be slaves.

Then one of the missionaries, that the money you children in America

FIRST LESSONS IN FARMING

gave helped to send out here, heard about all these children and he knew that they had something besides their bodies which needed to be rescued, or else they might be orphans and slaves at one and the same time—slaves of idols, superstitions and sin. God helped the missionary to get into that place and teach them how they could be saved. Now after three years some forty of the girls became Christians and were baptized, and were taught that Christians must all help to carry the message Jesus gave us to carry. At the beginning of Lent they saw the other Chinese Christians getting a mite box, but they did not get one because they had no mother or father to give them Chinese pennies and dimes (there are no Chinese nickels), or anyone else who would do so either; and they had no sugar to make candy nor could they go out to sell it if they had; and there are no copies of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS to be sold either. They have nothing but their hearts to give.

Now since they really loved Jesus and wanted to help carry His Message and could not, they were very sad, and thought and thought about it, and wished and wished they might have a mite box like the other Christians until, I imagine, the Heavenly Father must have sent their special angel to suggest a plan to them. Anyway they went to the matron, who loves Jesus as much as anybody I know and loves all these orphans for His sake, and they said to her: "We haven't any money but you pay money for what we eat every day; if we will, all forty of us, eat less every day will you figure up what you save on our food bill and let us have a mite box and put the money for the food we don't eat into it to help carry the Message of Jesus to the people up in Shensi Province who haven't heard it yet?" The matron said she would do it for them, and on Easter morning there was one mite box with eight Chinese dollars in it and a little slip of paper, you can see it in the picture by the money, with Chinese characters on it which means "Scholars' Less-Food Contribution".

When you think that ten cents will feed one scholar one whole day and there were eighty times ten cents in the box, it means that those forty girls went without right much food—I think they got pretty hungry sometimes, but they had a glad "feel" in their hearts. And they were very glad and happy that Easter Day.

But what has all this to do with children and mite boxes in America? Just to make *you* glad, I hope, to know that you have helped send the Easter Message to the sort of Chinese girls who are willing to deny themselves food in order to pass on your Easter Message farther back into the land of China. Isn't it worth while, and are not you boys and girls glad to have Chinese sisters who are as fine as that?

PRESENTING HER LENTEN OFFERING

BEVERLY OLDEST CHILD, CROW CREEK MISSION, HAD THE LARGEST LENTEN OFFERING IN THE MISSION, AND IS AN EXAMPLE OF WHAT THE LOYAL CHILDREN OF SOUTH DAKOTA DO.

Glimpses of Children in Many Lands Whom Your Lenten Offering Helps

SAINT PAUL'S (LAWRENCEVILLE) BOYS AT WORK MAKING BRICKS

See "Rebuilding a City" page 126

THE SUNDAY-SCHOOL AT HIDE CHAN'S HOUSE

See "Hide Chan" page 95

PATTERSON SCHOOLBOYS RETURNING FROM THE FIELD

See "Down in Happy Valley" page 121

IGOROT BOYS PLAYING SOLDIER

These boys belong to one of the out-stations of the Sagada Mission, Philippine Islands

FUTURE CANDIDATES FOR HOOKER SCHOOL

See "Under the Shadow of Popocatepetl" page 93

SOOCHOW ACADEMY BOYS "SUPERINTENDING" THE DRIVING OF THE WELL

See "The Good Gift of Water" page 129

THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS ABOVE THE ARCTIC CIRCLE AT TIGARA

See "In the Far North" page 107

PALMYRA—THE OLD PATTERSON MANSION

DOWN IN HAPPY VALLEY

By the Reverend E. N. Joyner

Many of our readers are familiar with Archdeacon Joyner's work in North and South Carolina as his name has been well known for many years. Recently Mr. Joyner has taken the parish at Lenoir, which is but a few miles from the Patterson School in the Happy Valley. Current information of Patterson School affairs may be received by any who are interested through *The News,* a monthly paper published by the boys under Mr. Dobbin's direction. It may be had by addressing the Reverend Hugh A. Dobbin, Legerwood, Caldwell Co., N. C.

SAMUEL LEGERWOOD PATTERSON was the fruitage of a home, of a social and religious environment, out of which grew a personality able to respond to the voice of a great principle, able and, as it proved, willing. Having no direct heirs, he and his gentle wife agreed to entrust to the Church their whole possessions. The object of this dowry was to provide a farm school for young men, and so open a way to instruct and train the youth of the mountains in that industry most suitable and promising to them, but of which their surroundings kept them ignorant.

Besides having been born and bred among these old mountains, with an intelligent Christian man's knowledge of and sympathy with the conditions of the people, Mr. Patterson was for years the State Commissioner of Agriculture. He knew well the whole state, the peculiar advantages and dis-

advantages of each section. He observed the backward condition, especially, of his isolated fellow-highlanders. He saw the young men stumbling along under their traditional handicaps, too often the best, the most enterprising of them, leaving to seek afar the opportunities denied them here. It was all as if he were answering a voice from Heaven when he gave up, utterly, to the trustees of the missionary district of Asheville, his entire patrimony, with the one condition: that it should always be employed to give our mountain young men a chance to prepare themselves for an industrious, honorable career.

There are somewhat more than thirteen hundred acres of land, much of it well timbered; three hundred under cultivation; there are the old Patterson mansion—"Palmyra"—and a number of serviceable out-houses—everything, in brief, for the beginning of a task of untold promise.

In September, 1909, the Reverend M. S. Taylor took charge as principal. With great energy, devotion and judgment he laid the foundations, assisted by the Reverend A. S. Lawrence, now archdeacon of Raleigh. Except a few thousand dollars devised by Mrs. Patterson, there was nothing for equipment. By diligently "beating the bushes" they secured means to "start things", and how well they wrought some of us know who looked on and admired and sympathized.

Upon Mr. Taylor's resignation, four years ago, the Reverend Hugh A. Dobbin was appointed principal. The man and the hour met. Mr. Dobbin is a mountaineer through and through; born and nurtured among these "everlasting hills", disciplined in a Church family upon a mountain farm; teaching a public school; a term at the state agricultural college. Then came the vision of the sacred ministry, through which he saw what good he might accomplish among his own people. From the notable Valley Crucis mission, which he had largely helped to develop, with its school for girls, its farm and orchard, and the pastoral offices of the place, he came to the Patterson School. As priest and pastor and principal, as farmer, neighborhood counselor and missionary, this self-sacrificing "son of the soil" has put his impress upon this institution in all its features.

The student body ranges from fifteen to thirty-five; when more than twenty-five it is at the price of comfort and convenience, for that is as many as the dormitory can fairly accommodate. This is one of the most urgent requirements of the school. Mr. Dobbin thinks that with a minimum of fifty boys enough of the land open to cultivation could be used to give the institution its support. But chiefly it would enable the school to enlarge its opportunities for service.

Many of the boys on entering have been unable to read; their misfortune rather than their fault, as they had been out of reach of the opportunity. But many have gone through the school into the university, the agricultural college, or other higher institutions. Some have engaged in profitable business occupations. Others have entered the sacred ministry. Some are now among our "soldiers of freedom"—Heaven protect them! In many walks they succeed, and shine, or maybe "fall, and rise again". They are bound to carry with them the flavor imparted by so thorough an institution.

Six hours a day there is a regular school session. The boys all work. Every day they work. There are acres and acres of wheat and corn, rye and oats, potatoes — "Irish" and "sweet"—and all vegetables in season. There is a dairy which gives milk and butter a-plenty, as well as "beef cattle" for market. There are hogs of aristocratic lineage, for meat and money; the pigs are in great demand.

There is a chicken-yard which helps to feed the folk. There are bees, a sweetening object lesson of industry. There is a shop for divers industries of a mechanical order, and now Mr. Dobbin has the machinery for a planing-mill and for the making of many articles of use among the people.

"The Chapel of Rest" was burned about two years ago, which proved a sore loss to the school and the whole neighborhood. Since it was destroyed, the services have been all held in a vacant store, most kindly allowed by Mr. Gwyn H. Lenoir. The principal is making every effort to rebuild. It is a slow process; too few seem to discern the value of this chapel.

Among the possessions of the school is the old Patterson mill, a large three-story structure for grinding corn and wheat. This, once put in good condition, can be made a valuable adjunct to the school. Also there is a forceful water-power on a large creek, by which the school will be profited some day. The time will come when the large body of timberland will be a valuable asset; there is no hurry; the trees are growing and so is the demand.

And by and through it all, the boys are ever *learning;* learning how themselves to do these things and do them well; being leavened by all the influences there, moral, religious, spiritual, of the Church; personal, of the principal and his family and faculty; being leavened with the motive and the principle which will abide in them, for industry and its direction, for character and its expression.

A part of Mr. and Mrs. Patterson's legacy to the Church was the last of their faithful and beloved old family servants, "Aunt Till". She would not go away; that was her place, why should she go? In her own little room in the back-yard she lived, and there she fell asleep. It was all to her loyal heart as if "Miss Molly" had left her to look after it. She dug

"AUNT TILL"

among the flowers, planted her little garden, swept the yard and raked the leaves, even until she tottered with the infirmity of age. All were kind to her. The boys looked after her; when she could no longer go about they carried her "bittles" and made her fires. Whenever anything went wrong, according to her old-time standards, she would curtly recall how "Miss Molly done dis-er-way or dat"—always "Miss Molly", her oracle and her idol. How old she was none knew. When asked, her reply would be, "Miss Molly, she done set it down in de Book". She was perhaps well into ninety. A few months ago she went out, in search of her "Miss Molly". Mr. Dobbin and the boys and others tenderly laid her down to rest in God's Acre, with her own people. Black she was, but comely in the beauty of holiness. Her white soul is with her Miss Molly's in the sweet calm of Paradise the blest.

DISTANT VIEW OF SOUTHERN CROSS SCHOOL, PORTO ALEGRE, BRAZIL

This is one way in which the Church has enabled Bishop Kinsolving and his helpers to assist the boys of Brazil. The school is plainly seen in the upper left-hand corner of the picture

A KING IN A BED SHEET

By the Reverend Arthur R. Gray, D.D.

BISHOP KINSOLVING

BRAZIL, the big republic which occupies so much of South America, and which is larger than our United States, was once the center of the Portuguese Empire. This came to pass because the King of Portugal, driven out of Lisbon by his enemy Napoleon, had to fly to Rio Janeiro and set up his court there.

The story of that flight contains many funny incidents. Though he knew that Marshal Junot and his soldiers were getting nearer every day, the Prince Regent João could not make up his mind to run away. At last, however, he decided to go, but before leaving he ordered a servant to prepare quarters and a meal for the French general in order that the latter should find himself comfortable on his arrival! *Did* you ever hear the likes of that?

Prince João and all the royal family had had to leave the palace so quickly that they had been unable to take their baggage with them. For a few days this might not have made much difference, but since they had embarked on a two months' journey, at the end of which was to take place a royal reception, it mattered very much. After the boats had been out from Portugal about two weeks and the ladies had caught their breath, the idea of that impending royal reception began to get on their nerves. They might have endured the absence of extra clothes on the ship, but to appear in state in the streets of Portugal's new capital in their old rags—! Then, too, there was the young baby king, Dom Pedro, and he had no nice clean bibs and tuckers—something just *had* to be done before his new subjects saw him. So they sent up signals of distress to the *Marlboro,* the British man-of-war which was convoying them, and Captain Moore came aboard and learned the whole sad story. Now, who ever heard of a Johnny Bull who could not somehow or other meet an emergency? At any rate, Captain Moore could. He calmly ordered his Jack Tars to fall to and makes clothes for the royal party. Clothes, sheets and blankets were at once produced and these eventually were changed into garments which took the place of silks and satins. Whether Jack actually went to the length of assisting in making the ladies' creations no one knows, but as for "the bed-sheet-suits in which Prince Pedro and many others landed on Brazilian soil, I would wager," says my chronicler, "ten dozen of the finest Bahia oranges that these were stitched together by one of the watch of the British vessels."

The moral of my story is, that *where there is a will* to help *there is a way.* When the royal Portuguese sent an appeal across the water the British sailors got busy, and despite an apparently impossible lack of proper material fixed up clothes for the royal reception. Why shouldn't we have the same spirit when Bishop Kinsolving sends an appeal across the water to us—why can't we make churches and schools for him out of the resources we have at hand, no matter how inadequate they may for the moment appear?

REBUILDING A CITY

Saint Paul's School, Lawrenceville, Virginia, is one of the best-known of our Church institutions for work among the negroes. It gives not only a thorough literary training but also an industrial one along many lines. A friend of the school has recently sent this account of brickmaking as illustrative of the practical value of the institution, not only to its pupils but to the whole neighborhood.

ARCHDEACON RUSSELL

IT is a far cry from the sun-dried crude brick of the ancients to the perfect product of our times, but the essentials of manufacture are very much the same. Clay is still the principal ingredient. Fire, air and water are still the elements used, but modern science has revolutionized the processes of manufacture, machinery superseding hand labor. I was impressed with this change when I stood recently upon the edge of the "pit"—the excavation made by digging out the clay—and saw a group of boys having their first lesson in brickmaking—learning how to tell good clay from loam so as not to get the two mixed. This is important, because good clay is strong and plastic, having the consistency of well worked putty, whereas loam is a composition of clay and subsoil, brittle and easily broken in the machine we use. There are three generally approved methods of making bricks: "the soft mud", "stiff mud", and "clay". Each requires a different type of machine, and each has its peculiar advantages. We use the stiff mud process, as it is better adapted to the clay and the kind of brick which local trade demands.

The "pit" has a system of railways connected by switches with the parent line, which lead up an incline to the disintegrator. The railway is laid with sixteen-pound iron rails on which little "clay cars" run back and forth. I was much interested in watching these cars loaded on side lines and then pushed out to the parent stem by the turn of a switch and hauled by a cable and drum up the inclined way to the platform shed on which the disintegrator stood. The cars are emptied and returned to the pit by gravity.

The instructor invited me to go up to the shed with him and see the second stage. I was glad to go because the term "disintegrator" suggested such terrible things that I was anxious to see what one looks like and if it lives up to its formidable name. I found the disintegrator to be a machine with hopper-like arrangement to receive the clay and prepare it for the brick machine. The clay cars are emptied into the hopper and the dirt fed gradually into it by an operator who uses a paddle to shove it down. The bottom of the machine is a cylindrical affair containing rollers which shred the clay, small rocks and lumps, and get it in shape for the "pug mill". The name is suggestive of a dog, but I found that this particular "pug" is not a dog, but a machine that acts as conveyor for the clay to the brick machine and tempers it and gets it to the right consistency. Water is sprayed upon the mass until it reaches the proper temper. It is then ready for its journey to the brick machine.

This mixture is passed through the brick machine and forced out by a revolving auger arrangement through an aperture in the machine called the "die". This hole is four by two inches and it shapes the clay into a long horizontal strip, which as it

ONE OF THE LARGE BUILDINGS ERECTED BY THE BOYS OF SAINT PAUL'S

When it is considered that this is only one of the many buildings erected, and that the brick work included not only the walls and foundations but also much paving, something of the size of the contract which Saint Paul's assumed will be seen

emerges from the "die" on a moving belt is carried under a rotary steel cutter which cuts the brick into the required length. Boys placed on either side of the travelling belt remove the bricks as fast as they are cut and place them on "pallets", which are wooden slat frames for receiving the brick preparatory to their being placed upon the delivery racks. After the delivery racks are filled they are removed by steel lift cars which are under the stands. These lift cars transfer the brick by a series of connecting tracks to the various drying sheds. The drying is done by air at Saint Paul's and takes usually from six to ten days according to weather conditions. After the bricks are dry cars run them into the kiln.

Brick burning is an operation that requires skill, good judgment and long experience, as the slightest neglect or inattention might cause the loss of the whole kiln. Those of my readers who have never seen a kiln may imagine four brick walls about twelve feet high and of varying lengths, open at the ends, and covered with a shed. At intervals of two and a half feet on each side are apertures for building the fire. The bricks are counted as they are put in, the ends closed and the kiln is ready for burning. Fire is started in the openings, wood or coal being used. At first the heat is kept at a low temperature, being increased gradually until the proper degree of heat is secured. It takes from seven to ten days, dependent upon weather conditions, to burn a kiln. Each kiln contains from 150,000 to 200,000 bricks. Some time ago I made a round of this part of Saint Paul's to gather data for this article and I learned that two large kilns containing more than 300,000 bricks had just been burned, and they were busy preparing for two other kilns of the same size. The season's make

totaled considerably over a million. Three quarters of a million had been made and shipped to South Hill, Mecklenburg County, Virginia, where the school's force of masons had in course of erection over a dozen large brick stores and warehouses. In a single one of these buildings more than 300,000 brick were required.

South Hill is a thriving tobacco town about twenty-one miles west of Lawrenceville. It had the misfortune recently to have nearly the entire business section, warehouses, etc., wiped out by fire. It was decided to replace the burned structures with brick buildings. Over a million brick were required and a score or more of bricklayers. A replacement job of this size was beyond the local facilities to complete within any reasonable time. In this extremity and stress they decided to call upon the school, the usual course down there when a job looms up too big for local workmen. Negotiations were opened with the school and the school given the contract for the brick and for the erection of several large warehouses and stores. The buildings were to be ready by fall. It was a man-sized job, but the school marshaled its forces and undertook it.

The first effort was to start making the bricks. By the time the first kiln was burned the masons were on the job, and soon brick were being laid at the rate of several thousand a day. When it is remembered that they had to be loaded into wagons, hauled a half mile and then unloaded into cars, the magnitude of the task of furnishing one million of brick becomes apparent. All the buildings were completed on time. The business men of South Hill are loud in their praise of the workmanlike character of the work and the splendid deportment of the boys. All the construction work was done in a highly satisfactory manner and the school has letters and testimonials on file from citizens of the town expressing their satisfaction with the work.

The work was done under the supervision of an instructor, himself a graduate of Saint Paul's and a striking example of the value of training. When he came to the school, a raw country lad, he left a job that paid him the munificent sum of $4.00 per month. His earning capacity now is more than $4.00 per day. The difference between $4.00 per month and $4.00 per day represents the difference between training and the lack of it.

In addition to the work at South Hill apprentices from the school have put up a number of the buildings in and around Lawrenceville. The school's bricklayers have held their own on buildings in Norfolk, Petersburg, Emporia and other Virginia towns, and in Brooklyn, New York, where they erected Saint Philip's Church and parish house.

As I stood on the hill in the waning light of a beautiful midsummer day, with the sun purpling the tops of the trees and the cupolas of the buildings with mellow light, I thought as I looked over the fields of waving corn and other crops, the brickyard and industrial buildings strangely silent after the bustle and turmoil of a few hours ago, what a wonderful, what a magnificent development of a useful and practical education, combined with a thorough Christian and moral training! Then later in the quiet of the beautiful evening, as I sat in Archdeacon Russell's office talking over the events of the day, and saw his face light up as he told me of his hopes and aims for the institution and of his love for his people and the work, I could understand as never before why he felt that his first duty was to the people among whom he had labored for over three decades. I sincerely hope that our great Church will help him to attain his objective—a Saint Paul's free of debt and properly equipped and developed.

THE CHOIR AT SOOCHOW, CHINA

"THE GOOD GIFT OF WATER"

By the Reverend Henry A. McNulty

MAN IN WHEEL

IF you lived in a city of canals such as Soochow is; and if this water had become so low, owing to a drought of six months, that in most places boats could not ply; and if in this water, perfectly filthy everywhere, and often green with the green that comes from stagnation, you had to wash your rice and vegetables and do your cooking, and even make your tea, perhaps you, too, would have appreciated as we did, the opening of an artesian well on the mission compound.

Such was the case in Soochow this past spring. Some time ago money for artesian wells for Soochow and Wusih was generously contributed from home, but the obstacles in the way had been great. There was always the chance that in this vast plain, water would not be struck. There was also apparently but one firm in all of China who could do the digging, and the reputation of this firm—a foreign one—was, like the water we were then using, unsavory. But a serious situation called for risks and the firm was summoned to do the work. Fortunately, so far as our case was concerned, we had misjudged the firm, for they were all that could be wished. Fortunately, too, we did strike water, as this account will show.

The digging of the well was an event. Visitors came from all parts of the city to see and wonder; and for those who lived in the Soochow Academy compound—about one hundred and fifty in all including the boys and teachers and servants—the striking of pure water meant health.

SOOCHOW ACADEMY BOYS

These boys have quite as interesting personalities as American boys. It is easy to imagine their interest in the work of driving the well, to say nothing of their enjoyment of its water.

A spot was selected convenient to the new school kitchen which this summer sees built, and the extra machinery, of which the accompanying photograph gives some idea, was installed. How this machinery was constructed and how the well was built may bear the telling, for certainly no one who has not been to the far East has ever seen the like.

A bamboo scaffold was first built, and then a wheel with a diameter of some fifteen feet was made. In the inner circumference of this wheel boards were laid so as to make a walk for the coolies who were to act as oxen in this tread mill. Next by the side of this wheel a huge bow of bamboo trees fastened together was made, and to the ends of these trees was attached a steel cable, as a bow-string. This bow-string was some twenty-five feet long, and the result was a remarkably strong and springy bow. To this bow-string was fastened one end of a beautifully spliced bamboo strip an inch in width. In the end this bamboo strip was four hundred feet long and the tensile strength was marvelous. To the lower end of this strip was finally attached a twenty-foot section of heavy piping, sharp at one end and containing a valve. This, with the piping eventually used, constituted all the material.

After digging a big hole the machinery was brought into play. The boring pipe was allowed to drop of its own weight, and the spring of the bamboo bow lifted it. So the dropping and the rebound continued until the pipe was full of clay and sand, when the bamboo splicing was detached from the bow and fastened to the wheel's outer circumference; the wheel was then revolved by the treading of the man inside the wheel until the pipe was brought to the surface. After the loose material had been removed the bow was again used; and so the work went on. All seemed to be going on well until a depth of three hundred feet was reached, when a hitch occurred. A rock or cave-in had obstructed the boring and do what they could the men could not pull up the drill. We feared that this meant the end; but to our surprise and delight the Japanese contractors without a word of complaint started in a new hole, with new material, and this time their work was crowned with success. At about four hundred feet water was struck. About twenty feet farther was bored, when a splendid supply of clear water was obtained. The water has, as in the very few other places where such wells have been dug in Eastern China, come to within seven feet of the surface. Surface supply was of course what we should have wished, but this was the next best thing. The supply of water was about 10,000 gallons in twenty-four hours.

The first analysis of the water showed many germs, but a test taken three weeks later, when the pipe was clean, was apparently free of bacteria, while the softness of the water came as a pleasant surprise. The well was dug, the water was ours to use, and relief was very great. It was interesting to see the Chinese drink the water. It was the first real drinking-water most of them had ever tasted; for long experience of the danger of canal water as of the common surface-well water has produced its own method of preventing disease, and from earliest babyhood to the grave, tea, and again tea, is the universal drink. A boy could not study, a teacher could not teach, a coolie could not run, a carpenter could not build, without his ever-present tea. But now everyone who could was drinking water, and the world, for us—as in the West, for different causes—was upside down.

The cost of digging this well, including the piping, was 1,100 taels.

THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS IN A GROUP OF SOOCHOW ACADEMY BOYS

Not all of these boys have been baptized. Some are the children of Christian parents. Others have their first contact with Christianity in the school.

THE WHEEL AND BOW

This picture gives a very good idea of the simple construction of the machinery

To this had to be added the building of a reinforced concrete cistern, as one strikes impure surface-water at any point eight feet below the surface in this part of China. The cost of this cistern and the hand pump we must use for the present added $500 Mexican to the total expense, so that the over-head tank we had hoped for and the wind mill or small motor, and the piping to the girls' school and the residences of the foreigners had to be omitted from the final scheme. All these we hope will come in time, but meanwhile the completed and satisfactory well has brought to us a feeling of relief from anxiety that cannot be measured in words. Every act of kindness reflects from one angle or another "the kindness and love of God our Saviour toward man". But this clear, living water, that the kindness of some unknown friend has brought to God's Chinese children—what is this but the most perfect figure of another never-failing Source, that shall be for these same children "a well of water springing up unto everlasting life".

IMPERATIVE NEEDS

Special Word to the Children

While it is most important that these needs should be met as soon as possible, the Board of Missions asks that the Sunday-schools do not divert any of their Lenten and Easter offerings to these special purposes. The Board relies upon the Sunday-school offerings to provide $200,000 with which to meet regular appropriations.

Church General Hospital, Wuchang. In these war times, progress, though continuous, is unfortunately slow so far as raising money is concerned. In China, on the other hand, building goes along at the normal rate. Bills will have to be met shortly. To January first of the $160,000 needed, $123,000 have been given or pledged. There is still a chance for some individual or some committee to provide $8,500 to construct the Men's Wing, and so insure the greatest economy in building. A member of the Committee writes:

> Do you know that old silver brings a very good price now? Government assayists pay about 80c. an ounce. A suggestion might be made that silver plate lying idle in vaults, etc., be sold to the Government and thus help to raise the last money needed for the Church General Hospital.

Church at Hirosaki, Japan. We still need $1,261 to complete the $5,000 fund to prevent the continuance of the intolerable situation which requires that the Church's services should be held in an old billiard hall.

Changsha, China. The Reverend Walworth Tyng sailed, returning from his furlough, on January twelfth. About $9,000 of the $18,000 needed to meet the immediate requirements for land and buildings in Changsha is in sight.

✠

The Editor has asked me to put down in 300 words something about the special needs of Brazil. Three hundred words to tell of what Bishop Kinsolving has asked for to help him tell the good news to 3,000,000! (that is about the number we would like to minister to). Three hundred words to explain the wants of Rio Grande do Sul with its 91,333 square miles, to say nothing of other places! Why, I couldn't set it down in 3,000 words!

It just so happens that there is another three in the figure I have before me setting forth what we call at the Missions House "Authorized Specials", which means items that the Board of Missions has definitely joined with Bishop Kinsolving in appealing for; $5,000 to buy an athletic field for the **Southern Cross School**, and $8,000 to build **Trinity Church at Meyer**—$13,000 in all. In other words for each one of my 300 words I want $43.33⅓.

I wonder if it would be fair to guess that 10,000 boys and 16,000 girls are going to read what I have written? If so, then each boy could send in fifty cents for the athletic field, and each girl fifty cents for the church at Meyer. Surely all boys know that the athletic field is as important to a school as a blackboard. As for the church at Meyer, perhaps I can tell you how badly it is needed when I say that during the last year the congregation has grown 145% and that they simply cannot find room in the little hall in which they are now worshipping. Meyer is a part of the great capital of Rio de Janeiro. In it live a large number of shop people and railway employees who are not able of their own means to build a church and the sooner we can help them the better for them and for us.

NEWS AND NOTES

THE Reverend A. E. Whittle, who during his diaconate has been a member of our Porto Rico mission, was advanced to the priesthood by Bishop Garland, suffragan of Pennsylvania, at Atlantic City, New Jersey, on December 27, 1917. Mr. Whittle, who is a native of England, received a call to the front and sailed from an American port in January.

✣

THE Reverend William P. Remington was consecrated bishop-suffragan of South Dakota in Saint Paul's Church, Minneapolis, on Thursday, January tenth. Bishop Remington expects to complete some work in France for which he is pledged before taking up his residence in South Dakota. THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS adds its good wishes to those of his many friends.

✣

MANY of our readers are most appreciative in their comments on THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS. Will you read carefully the statement on the first page of this issue and decide what you can do in your parish to help reach the goal of having a copy of the Church's missionary magazine in every Church home. No more practical missionary endeavor can be made than that which helps other people to know the Church's missionary story.

✣

ON Thursday, January seventeenth, in Saint John's Church, Keokuk, Iowa, the Reverend John C. Sage, D.D., was consecrated missionary bishop of Salina. Bishop Sage is well known throughout the Church and goes to his new work with a first-hand knowledge of the country and existing conditions. In the name of our many readers THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS would extend heartiest greetings to Bishop Sage and sincere congratulations to Salina.

MR. ALLEN W. S. LEE, a young English layman teaching in Saint James's School, Wuhu, China, was called as a British subject to accompany a shipload of Chinese coolies to France for construction work. Under date of December sixth Mr. Lee has written the Board of Missions explaining that he is returning to his work in China, having been twice wounded and incapacitated for further work in France.

✣

THE Editor of *The Alaskan Churchman* has asked us to call attention to the fact that matters will be made a great deal easier for him if all subscriptions are sent direct to him at Fairbanks and not through other agencies. Mails are necessarily irregular and therefore there is less chance for delay and disappointment by dealing direct with the Fairbanks office. The subscription is $1.00 a year and the proper address is The Alaskan Churchman, Fairbanks, Alaska.

✣

MISS A. T. WALL of Dorchester, Massachusetts, for fourteen years connected with the Tokyo mission, died in Oakland, California, on December 12, 1917. Miss Wall was one of the first of our women missionaries to receive their support from the United Offering of the Woman's Auxiliary. Her work in the mission field was that of an evangelist. Placed in the course of fourteen years at four different points—Aomori, Takasaki, Sendai and Hirosaki—she devoted herself to visiting in the homes of the Japanese and teaching children and adults as opportunity offered. She lived not only among the people but for the people and felt that the loneliness and isolation which her frequent journeyings involved weighed but lightly against the opportunity for direct evangelistic work.

THE editor would be very glad to receive pictures showing the children at work selling the Lenten Offering number of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS, or any other activities of interest connected with their missionary work. We cannot pay for such pictures, but shall be very glad to use them if available.

❖

NEWS has come of the sudden death just before Christmas of Mrs. Frederick M. Loomis, who, as Miss Edith Prichard, will be remembered by many who are interested in the Alaskan mission. About ten years ago she did notable work at Ketchikan and the sympathy of many Church people will go out to Dr. Loomis and his children.

❖

THE National Library of Congress at Washington has written to us for volumes of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS for the years 1836 and 1837. If any of our readers who have issues of these early years care to place them to such good advantage, will they kindly mail them to THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS, Room 51, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York?

We shall also be most grateful for any issues previous to the year 1866.

❖

ON page 862 of the issue for December, 1917, we published an account of the way in which some of the West Indian negroes in the Canal Zone, under the leadership of the Reverend H. R. Carson, raised over a thousand dollars to pay off a debt on their school. It was really the Reverend E. J. Cooper and his corps of men and boys who brought about this desirable result. We are sorry for our misstatement.

❖

OWING to limited space, we cannot give the announcements concerning the missionaries in this issue. The following speakers are available during the month of February:

Alaska—Miss E. L. Jackson (in Eighth Province), Miss R. G. Pumphrey.

China—Anking, Rev. Amos Goddard; Hankow, Miss Helen Hendricks, 5845 Drexel Avenue, Chicago, Ill.; Dr. Mary L. James; Miss Helen Littell, 147 Park Avenue, Yonkers, N. Y.; Rev. T. R. Ludlow.

Japan—Kyoto, Rev. J. J. Chapman.

New Mexico—Bishop Howden (address direct, Church Missions House).

Philippine Islands—Miss E. T. Hicks.

South Dakota—Bishop Burleson (address direct, Church Missions House).

Western Colorado—Bishop Touret.

Where no other address is given, write to Dr. J. W. Wood, Church Missions House, 281 Fourth Avenue, New York, N. Y.

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MEETING OF THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

THE executive committee of the Board of Missions met in the Church Missions House on January eighth. Owing to the congested conditions of transportation the attendance was small and only absolutely necessary matters were attended to.

Under the authority given it by the Board, the executive committee granted an appropriation of $5,000 from the Undesignated Legacies for Saint Mark's Colored School, Birmingham, Alabama; $1,000 for a new mission building at Fresno, California, in the district of San Joaquin; and $3,000 for a church at Lake Andes, district of South Dakota. A further distribution of the Undesignated Legacies will be taken up at the February meeting of the Board.

Gratifying news was received from the bishop of West Virginia that the diocese would try to get along without the extra $200 appropriation made for negro work in May of last year. The Board expressed its great appreciation of this act.

How Our Church Came to Our Country

XXV. HOW OUR CHURCH CAME TO MAINE*

By Marguerite Ogden

I. Earliest Clergymen

A GLANCE at the map of the United States will reveal the state of Maine in the extreme northeasterly corner—just the point that voyagers from England in the early seventeenth century might touch upon. Thus it happened in 1605 that an expedition under George Weymouth landed on the coast of Maine and explored "the most excellent beneficyall river Sachadehoc", (now known as the Kennebec River) and on the occasion of a Church service it is mentioned that there were two Indians present "who behaved themselves very civilly, neither laughing nor talking all the time". This is probably the first religious service of the English Church held on the coast of New England. It is important to note this because it is usually assumed that as Maine was for many years a part of the Massachusetts colony, its religious beginnings were necessarily Puritanical.

The next attempt at colonizing this portion of our country, then known as Northern Virginia, was made by George Popham in August, 1607. According to the record, the company of which he was president came to a "gallant island, and on a Sonday the chief of both the shipps with the greatest part of all the company landed on the island where the cross stood, the which they called St. George's Island, and heard a sermon delivered unto them by Mr. Seymour, his preacher, and so returned abourd again". This was what might be called the first Thanksgiving service, and the cross alluded to is the one previously erected by Weymouth. "And about two months later", the journal states, "a Fort was trencht and fortified with twelve pieces of ordinaunce, and they built fifty houses therein, besides a church and store-house". The above diary establishes three interesting facts of Church history in Maine: one, that the first known act of worship in the state was the planting of a cross by an early navigator; second, that the first service recorded here was by a priest of the Historic Church; and third, that this inauguration of our Church took place some thirteen years before the landing of the Pilgrims at Plymouth.

But the story of this colony is brief. Because of the hardship that befell the enterprise, the unusual severity of the weather, for which they were unprepared, and the death of President George Popham, the settlement was abandoned in 1608, and the colonists with their clergyman returned to England. This clergyman, Richard Seymour, is entitled, however, to a special place of honor as the first preacher of the Gospel in the English tongue within the borders of New England.

The next mention of a clergyman in the district of Maine is found in connection with the royal grant made to Fernando Gorges to establish a settlement at Winter Harbor on the Saco River, and "to nominate ministers to

*Some of the material here incorporated was assembled by the Reverend William F. Livingston of Hallowell, Maine, who had been asked to write the article, but on account of severe illness was unable to proceed with the work.

all the churches that might be built within the province". William Morrell was sent over with authority to superintend the churches and although his office was ineffectual, and he is said to have spent his time preserving peaceful relations with the Puritans, studying New England scenery, and in his "melancholy leisure" composing a Latin poem, yet his mere presence proves the claim of the Church of England to a care for the spiritual interests of the Maine colonists.

Richard Gibson comes to our notice as the first clergyman to exercise in a practical way the duties of a parish priest in Maine. In 1636 we find his name associated with a settlement at Saco, owned by an English merchant, Mr. Trelawny. Mr. Gibson lived, apparently, on Richmond Island, which lies on the southeasterly side of Cape Elizabeth near Portland. He had under his charge an enterprising company of men engaged in the fishery business. He was most acceptable to his flock, if one may judge from a letter of the agent to the owner of the settlement as follows: "Our minister is a fair condition man, and one that doth keep himself in very good order, and instruct our people well, if please God to give us the grace to follow his instructions". Unfortunately, Mr. Gibson was not as conciliatory in the exercise of his duties as Mr. Morrell had been. He was bold and decided in the expression of his opinions, and in his loyalty to the English Church. This brought him into controversy with a Puritan minister of Dover, and he was brought before the court of the Massachusetts Colony to be tried on this charge, viz.: "He being wholly addicted to the hierarchy and discipline of England did exercise a ministerial function in the same way, and did marry and baptize at the Isle of Shoals which found to be within our jurisdiction". After several days' confinement, he was allowed to go free without fine or punishment upon condition that he leave the country, and this he did, never to return to the colonies.

Robert Jordan, who succeeded Mr. Gibson, was a prominent and influential man in the annals of western Maine. He may be claimed, too, as the first clergyman to settle permanently in the district. He married and died in New England, throwing the whole force of his strong personality into the new life, both secular and religious. Through his marriage with the daughter of Mr. Winter, the agent of the settlement, he became a man of large property, and set himself stoutly to resist the encroachments of the Massachusetts Colony into Maine. This, coupled with his zealous adherence to the Episcopal Church, brought him into constant disfavor with the Massachusetts government. He was frequently censured for exercising his ministerial office in marriages, baptisms, and other acts. The accompanying cut of the font brought by Mr. Jordan from England looks more like an alms basin than the fonts used in churches nowadays. It was after baptizing three children in this font in Falmouth in the year 1660 that he was summoned before the general court in Boston and required to desist from such practices in the future. Apparently, he paid little attention to the warning, for he continued his priestly duties among the inhabitants of Scarboro, Casco (now Portland), and Saco. His good common sense, quite in advance of his time, is shown by the incident of his incurring the enmity of his neighbors by refusing, when one of his cows died, to have an old woman, who was supposed to have cast the evil eye on it, tried for witchcraft. Mr. Jordan's house was burned in the Indian war incited by King Philip, and he barely escaped with his family to Newcastle, New Hampshire, where he finally died in 1679 at the age of sixty-eight, so enfeebled in the use of his hands that he was unable to sign his will. He left

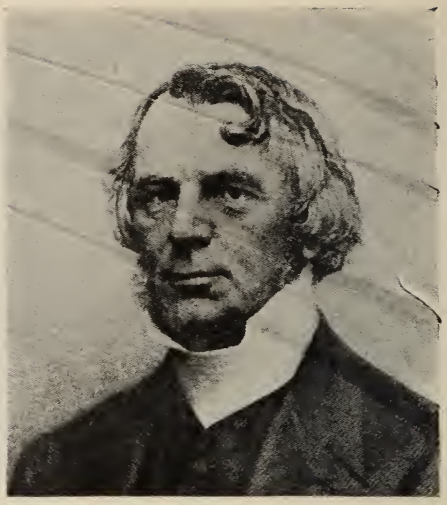
FONT USED BY THE REVEREND ROBERT JORDAN
After baptizing three children in 1660 he was summoned before the General Court in Boston

six sons from whom have descended thousands of the name. It is said that at one time in Cape Elizabeth there were nine Nathaniel Jordans, distinguished by different epithets.

II. The First Two Parishes

After the death of Mr. Jordan, the regular ministrations of the Church in Maine were suspended for eighty years. Then the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts sent William McClenachan as a missionary to Frankfort (now Dresden) and Georgetown. He was not well-fitted to this task, and after four years departed, to be succeeded by Jacob Bailey, known as the "frontier missionary". He had the spirit of a pioneer, and was a man devoted to his people and his work, who labored with untiring zeal amid great difficulties of nature, and sectarian prejudice. He extended his efforts to Sheepscote, Harpswell and Damariscotta. He also preached in Gardinerstown, and in 1772 dedicated Saint Ann's Church there. The church in Gardiner, both for its clerical and lay supporters, deserves more than a passing mention, for it has occupied, since its inception, a prominent place in the annals of Maine Church history. The first church building, Saint Ann's, was erected largely through the instrumentality of the Gardiner family, from whom the town was named; and in the will of Dr. Gardiner instructions are given to his heir "to complete the church of St. Ann's out of his personal estate. Twenty-eight pounds sterling are to be paid annually and forever to its minister". This building was burned in 1793 by a madman who thought he was commissioned from on high to burn the church and murder its minister. A new Saint Ann's was built the next year by courageous townspeople and a parsonage given by Mr. William Gardiner, and a rector called at the munificent salary of seventy-two pounds sterling. The position of the Church in the community at this early date can be gained from this suggestive paragraph quoted from the history of the parish: "It is a noticeable fact, in a time so deeply scarred with traces of religious battles as were the years between 1790 and 1820, that Maine's Episcopalians should have kept such a neutral ground. Not only did our

REVEREND PETRUS S. TEN BROECK



BISHOP GEORGE BURGESS

people invite the co-operation of the sects, but they also found much to admire in their beliefs". This seems to savor of present day faith and order, so actively being promulgated by one of Maine's present representatives in the General Convention, Mr. Robert H. Gardiner.

Gideon W. Olney began a prosperous and happy rectorate in 1817; the success of it coming not more from the talented and persuasive minister than from the able support given him by his senior warden, Mr. Robert Hallowell Gardiner, of whom it has been said "the beauty of Mr. Gardiner's character found its best expression in his future dealings with the House of the Lord. For nearly sixty years he was the stay of Gardiner's church, and a staunch supporter of her teachings in many parts of the country. Both the clergymen of the parish and those who have visited the place bear grateful witness to his tireless hospitality and precious friendship". The need of a larger church became evident and the present Gothic edifice, Christ Church, built of stone from the vicinity, was consecrated by Bishop Griswold on Saint Luke's Day, 1820. This parish under its succession of able rectors led in many movements of the day which seem to us to have always been part of the Church. Here was started one of the first Sunday-schools in New England; its rector and vestry in 1835 were among the most ardent supporters of the Maine Missionary Society; one of its rectors, Joel Clapp, was the first to adopt the white surplice for the black gown. In 1847, it became the parish of the first bishop of Maine.

The first record of the renewal of the services of the Church at Falmouth (now Portland) occurs some seventy-nine years after the death of Mr. Jordan, in the journal of the Congregational minister of the place. About this time, the Reverend Mr. Brockwell of Trinity Church, Boston, visited the town as chaplain of Governor Shirley, and, according to the journal, "carried on in the Church form" and "gave great offense as to his doctrine" (that is, to the Congregationalists). Ten years later, a large number of persons declared in writing their desire that the new meeting house, about to be erected in Falmouth, be devoted to the services of the Church of England, and

it appears from the record that in 1756, John Wiswall, who was pastor of the new Casco parish (Congregational), declared for the Church of England, and accepted a call to the new church. As there was no bishop in this country, he was obliged to make a voyage to England, a matter of some seven months, for his ordination, whence he returned to be the first rector of this parish, and also a missionary aided to the extent of twenty pounds by the S. P. G. From this beginning the Church went through many vicissitudes, both temporal and spiritual. The first edifice was burned, when the British attacked Portland in 1775, and during the period of the Revolution the activities of the parish were almost suspended. A new building was erected, however, in 1789, and occupied until replaced by a brick structure in 1803. It is an interesting comment upon the management of Church affairs in these early days to find that

SAINT LUKE'S CHURCH, MACWAHOC
The quarterly meeting of the Woman's Auxiliary, 1917, which met in this building erected by prayer

BISHOP HENRY ADAMS NEELY

the members of this Saint Paul's Church were taxed by the government for the support of the First Parish (Congregational) as well as by choice obliged to contribute to the maintenance of their own worship. After an unsuccessful appeal to the Massachusetts court to be released from this assessment, the First Parish with great fairness voted to return these taxes to the Episcopalians, less the expenses of collection. This church met with various fortunes in its changing rectors until in 1818 it called Petrus S. Ten Broeck, who remained for thirteen years and did much to build up the Church and to lay the foundations of the diocese as well. In 1839, it was found expedient chiefly for financial reasons to form a new parish called Saint Stephen's which continued to worship in the same building until it was destroyed in the fire of 1866.

BISHOP CODMAN

III. Formation of the Diocese

The district of Maine was admitted as a state in 1820, and one month later Bishop Griswold of the Eastern Diocese, comprising all New England except Connecticut, wrote Mr. Ten Broeck, rector of Saint Paul's, Portland, requesting that the few churches in the new state of Maine choose delegates to meet at Brunswick on the first Wednesday of May and form themselves into a regular convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church. This was accomplished chiefly through the zeal and energy of Robert H. Gardiner of Gardiner, and Simon Greenleaf of Portland. The convention assembled with its clerical and lay delegates from the then two existing parishes in Maine—Christ Church, Gardiner, and Saint Paul's, Portland—and proceeded to draw up a constitution and elect as delegates to the General Convention about to meet in Philadelphia the Reverend Mr. Ten Broeck and Mr. Gardiner. The acts of this small assembly read quite like similar ones today, particularly a vote to bring up the subject of Prayer Book revision at the next General Convention. The diocese of Maine continued to be part of the Eastern Diocese from 1820 to 1847: twenty-two years under the episcopal supervision of Bishop Griswold and four years with Bishop Henshaw of Rhode Island acting as provisional bishop of Maine. During this period the number of clergy had increased from two to ten, there were six churches, and a missionary society had been formed that expended between six and seven hundred dollars a year.

It was to this small but virile church that George Burgess, rector of Christ Church, Hartford, was called to be the first bishop in 1847. Too much cannot be said of the wisdom and tact, not to speak of the godly grace, that he exercised in laying the foundations of the present church in Maine. He was rector of Christ Church, Gardiner, and travelled from that center with untiring energy over the whole state, and this at a time when there were but few miles of railroad even in the most populous county. He never mentioned his hardships, and apparently forgot the unpleasant features of his work in

BISHOP BREWSTER
Transferred from Western Colorado in 1916

SAINT LUKE'S CATHEDRAL, PORTLAND

writing books and poetry in his leisure moments. His task was by no means easy, as there was much prejudice in Maine against the Episcopal Church. Bishop Burgess's generous and fraternal spirit overcame to a large degree this unfriendly feeling. He was peculiarly fortunate in gathering around him a company of clergy of strong personality, many of whom became distinguished in various fields of Church work. Among these were: Dr. Ballard, John Cotton Smith, Alexander Burgess (later first bishop of Quincy), William E. Armitage (later bishop of Wisconsin), Thomas March Clark (later bishop of Rhode Island), Bishop Horatio Southgate, John Franklin Spalding (later bishop of Colorado). Bishop Burgess found committed to his charge seven parishes. At the time of his decease, the number of clergy and parishes had almost trebled. As there was no fund for the support of the bishop, he began such a fund. When he died he made liberal additions to it by his will.

IV. Later Days

The second bishop of Maine was Henry Adams Neely, called to the diocese from Trinity Chapel, New York. His strength both mental and physical, and his directness of method and speech contributed admirably to the mutual understanding of this chief pastor and his people. While constantly extending the local missionary work of the Church with practical enthusiasm, Bishop Neely laid great emphasis on Church education. His ready sympathy went out to the intellectually ambitious boys and girls who, on account of the great distances and consequent expense, could not satisfy their yearning for higher education. He established with effort and constant worry for their financial support a boys' preparatory school in Presque Isle, and a girls' school in Augusta. During his episcopate, which lasted thirty-two years, the Church steadily enlarged its influence. In Aroostook County, that fair land of

lumber and potatoes on the northernmost limits of this state, there had been but one church at Houlton, started in 1843 by John Blake, a chaplain of the U. S. A. who was stationed at the barracks there and who became so much interested in the local work that he willed his property to its support. Under Bishop Neely, to this one were added five parishes and missions.

One of the needs of the diocese which forced itself upon Bishop Codman when he came to Maine in 1899 was that of proper housing for the clergy, and he set himself with measurable success to provide rectories for every church and mission in the diocese. Through his determination Maine relinquished all aid from the Board of Missions, and became an independent diocese. But the effort to accomplish this did not lessen missionary work in the state. He opened to wider endeavor the region beginning at Loweltown on the extreme western border and extending a hundred miles east to Kingman, called the Central Maine Mission. Of the building of the last church in this section at Macwahoc, the story runs that when the bishop visited the town, in company with his able and devoted missionary, the Reverend A. E. Scott, he found a small Sunday-school started by a Canadian woman, who would have her children taught the Catechism. They told the bishop that they wanted a church as there was no building for religious purposes in the town, and he said: "If you really want a church, pray for it, children, pray with all your might, and it will come". And it *did,* through the instrumentality of the Maine Junior Auxiliary and some of its friends.

The diocese of Maine covers a large area, and Bishop Codman travelled over it almost to his last hour.

After the death of Bishop Codman, the Right Reverend Benjamin Brewster, then missionary-bishop of Western Colorado, was transferred to the diocese of Maine, and in June, 1916, became its fourth bishop.

CLASS WORK ON "HOW OUR CHURCH CAME TO MAINE"

PREPARATION FOR THE LESSON

READ any history of the settling of New England; *Memoir of Bishop George Burgess;* Ballard's *Early History of the P. E. Church in the Diocese of Maine,* Gilmore's *History of Christ Church, Gardiner.* Proceedings of the Maine Historical Society, Reports of diocesan conventions.

THE FIRST FIVE MINUTES

Have the children find Maine on a map, giving its relative position to England and the United States. Ask if any of them have spent a summer in Maine. Ask them to look up the 308th Hymn, and see who wrote it.

TEACHING THE LESSON

I. Earliest Clergymen.

1. To what church did the first settlers of Maine belong?
2. When the expedition under George Popham landed, what did they find?
3. Who was the first preacher of the Gospel in English in New England?
4. Who was the first clergyman to settle for life in Maine? Tell some incidents of his life.

II. The Two First Parishes.

1. Who was called the pioneer missionary?
2. What church on the Kennebec River did he found?
3. How many years elapsed after the death of Mr. Jordan before there was a church service in Falmouth?
4. Where was Mr. Wiswall ordained? Why?

III. Formation of the Diocese.

1. What diocese first included Maine?
2. What two parishes were represented in the first diocesan convention?
3. Who was the first bishop of Maine?

IV. Later Days.

1. Who was the second bishop of Maine? What work did he further?
2. Tell the incident of the mission church at Macwahoc? Who was the bishop that told the children to pray?
3. Who is the present bishop of Maine?

THE WOMAN'S AUXILIARY

TO THE BOARD OF MISSIONS

While Miss Emery resigned last year, she stayed on in the office to give help in many ways. But two were her special care—the Pilgrimage of Prayer and the editorship of the Woman's Auxiliary pages of THE SPIRIT OF MISSIONS. Now, at the close of the year of the Pilgrimage, Miss Emery is giving up all her work with the Auxiliary, including the editing of this department.

It is certain that every reader of these pages is grateful for all the help she has given, both through her own words and thoughts and through the articles she has so carefully selected. It will seem strange indeed to have any but the work of her whom we have known and loved for so many years upon these pages, and our appreciation, gratitude and good wishes go with her.

CIRCUIT RIDING IN TEXAS

By Dorothy H. Giles

THE woman across the aisle was on her way to California—"Los Angeles" her ticket read—and the baggage receipt showed her to be accompanied on her travels by four trunks, two suit cases, a lunch basket and umbrella, a parrot in a cage, and a curly poodle of the variety derisively called "window washer".

"And where are you going?" she asked, eyeing askance my one modest travelling bag. I looked out at the red Pecos hills, at the endless waste of sand and cactus, at the prairie dogs who sat beside their holes and watched the passing train imperturbably.

"I'm going circuit riding," I said.

"Circuit riding?" In her astonishment she dropped a stitch in the helmet she was knitting. "What do you mean? You aren't a missionary, are you?"

"I am, and I'm not," I replied, and then—for her mystification increased—hastened to explain. "I'm an educational secretary, and I'm on my way to teach a class for Sunday-school teachers and Junior leaders at several institutes that the Woman's Auxiliary is planning to hold in Texas."

"Oh, the Woman's Auxiliary," the doubts had now quite disappeared. "But why didn't you say so at first? I've got my United Offering box right here in this suitcase." And she patted the most bulky of her chattels affectionately.

That was in the beginning; before one half of the journey was over I had found the mere words "Woman's Auxiliary" a kind of talisman, a veritable "open sesame" before which barriers were levelled, and unsuspected paths laid wide. I cannot say how much the members of my classes learned, I have no knowledge of how far the training will go—but I *do* know that the institutes in the Seventh Province graduated one pupil in a well rounded course on the power and blessedness of the Woman's Auxiliary.

El Paso was the first of the four-night stands, as the institute in Albuquerque had to be given up at the last moment. There at Saint Clement's, whose silver toned bell was the first to sound for Protestant worship along the Rio Grande, we had our first classes, Miss Griswold leading that for members of the Woman's Auxiliary, and I the one for Junior leaders and Sunday-school teachers. Although these were the first normal mission study classes to be held in the district of New Mexico there were delegates from Marfa and Mesilla Park and Silver City as well as a large attendance from the Woman's Auxiliary of Saint Clement's. From El Paso, after a restful week-end with Mrs. Porcher at the ranch, we packed up our Lares and Penates in the shape of text books and charts, and moved to San Antonio where the institute for the diocese of West Texas was to be held. In all three institutes the classes were the same, yet so varying were the conditions that each stands out distinct and separate from the others. They were a strenuous four days in San Antonio, days which the programme committee had filled full to overflowing, whisking us by motor from Saint Mark's, where the classes were held, to all the interesting sights and places in and about the city, to the Franciscan Missions, to Saint Mary's Hall—the Church School of the diocese—to the Army Post and the Alamo, and one day for lunch out to Saint Philip's Industrial School for negro girls. And there, while we ate the lunch which the domestic science pupils had prepared and served, a quartette of the most beautiful young voices I have ever heard, sang for us some of the strange old "spirituals", as they are called, the religious folk songs of the South. It was with mingled pride and self-depreciation that Miss Bowden showed me over the school-building—the new house which was made possible by the gifts and prayers of the Woman's Auxiliary—and pointed out the land where next summer the girls will raise enough vegetables to supply the school.

Houston was set for the third and last of the institutes, and thither Miss Griswold and I—or rather "Paul and Barnabas" as we were to each other now—went after a Sunday in Boerne of which more anon. The institute in the diocese of Texas was the largest of all. More than fifteen parishes were represented, and my heart sank when I saw the list of registrations for the Junior class, a list that ran far into the thirties—quite the biggest, yet most inspiring, class that has ever fallen to my lot. In many cases these were members or officers of the Woman's Auxiliary who came to their own class in the morning. The Woman's Auxiliary introduced me to Boerne—that quaint little red roofed village in the hills of Kendall county—or more truly, it was Mr. Barber's Ford, making the thirty sandy miles from San Antonio in gallant fashion. But it was the Woman's Auxiliary that took me there that I might see at first hand how the Word is preached in this little-known corner of the great Southwest which, however, is not so insignificant but that it is actively concerned in the most vital of modern problems. For Boerne is a German village, settled for the most part by thrifty farmers who sought an escape from compulsory military service.

The day begins early at Saint Helena's rectory, the rising sun found the family up and astir, for the many household tasks must be well out of the way before the bells of the Academy of the Holy Angels join forces with Saint Helena's to call their little world to service. As the sun streamed in across the plain, bare pews and touched the rood screen with flecks of purest gold, it lighted the letters of a text above the chancel:

Fraget nach dem Herrn, und nach seiner Macht. Suchet sein Antlitz allewege.

The words are from the one hundred and fifth Psalm:

Seek the Lord and his strength; seek his face evermore.

After service comes Sunday-school, but we may not stay for more than a minute, for the urgent honk! honk! of *Dorothea's* horn gives warning that Mr. Belsey is ready to start—the circuit-riding has begun. Down the hill we fly, round the corner, and off to the left where the signpost points, "To Comfort, 25 Miles". The road, if I may be pardoned a great hyperbole, winds in and out through the hills, now clambering a mountain side, now fording a stream which though shallow at this season, shows evidence of being able on occasion to overflow its banks and cause untold destruction. Everywhere there are the pitiful signs of the drought which for six long months has laid heavy hands on western Texas. The meager haystacks and half filled cribs speak of lean years, and a serious problem in the winter months to come, some of the farmers planning to kill their cattle now, as they see no way to feeding them this winter. *Dorothea,* who well deserves to be named for her of whom it was said that "the growing good of the world is partly dependent upon unhistoric acts", does her part nobly, spins down the main street of Comfort and brings up before the gate of Saint Boniface's at just the psychological moment. From the Deaconess' House next door Deaconess Bickford, our United Offering worker in the diocese of West Texas, came to meet us and we renewed our acquaintance while Mr. Belsey gave several energetic tugs at the bell rope, as a warning to all late comers. He is what Jane Austen would call "an able performer on the instrument".

Comfort, too, is distinctly German in tone, but more and more the Church is making its message heard. The kindergarten which meets each morning at the Deaconess' House is gradually drawing the mothers as well as the children to a truer and finer faith, and the deaconess is friend and counsellor in many homes that were otherwise barred to Christian influence. Her great desire is to enlarge the work by opening the house to some of the motherless and fatherless children in the diocese, where there is as yet no Church orphanage. Her face glowed as she unfolded the plan, and went on to show me how easily it might be accomplished—a screened porch upstairs for the sleeping cots, a bathroom, some extra furniture, and here would be a welcoming shelter for many a forlorn mite.

"It will come," she told me confidently. "It is only a question of time. Only I pray it may be soon, for Mr. Barber has ten children in San Antonio that he's at his wits' end to know what to do with—and they would make such a nice start."

We were due in Waring for vespers—so almost directly dinner was over, *Dorothea* was cranked and we sped away, waving affectionate farewells to the deaconess and Miss Phoebe Beaumont, who watched us from the door.

Waring is only a matter of twelve miles from Comfort and the services which Mr. Belsey comes to hold there twice a month are in a little Union chapel. The congregation that day numbered less than fifteen, but across the road at the school house a long line of Fords and buckboards waited while their owners held a grange meeting. It was in Waring that I met Miss Gaines and her sister—two young women who quite by themselves ring the chapel bell every Sunday morning and gathering about them what children straggle in, have a Sunday-school.

"We started it for our little niece," Miss Gaines told me, "I didn't see why she should grow up without that influence. Then we tried to get the other children to come, too, but it is hard work. Some of the mothers won't let them, and some only laugh at them for coming. And of course we haven't any books or Sunday-school papers, or pictures, or anything like that to help us out."

"Ah!" thought I, "what a chance for some Church-school to play fairy god-mother," and I promised those two young heroines of the Church Militant that I would do what I could to help them in their brave fight against ignorance, indifference and disbelief.

It was sunset when *Dorothea* brought us home—the circuit rider's day was over. Over that is, save for the evening service at Saint Helena's, and as we sang the closing words of the canticle it was with a new meaning and grateful remembrance of all the big "little things" that I had seen and heard that day, that I chanted softly:

> For thou, Lord, hast made me glad through thy works; and I will rejoice in giving praise for the operations of thy hands.

Worthy to go side by side with that Sunday in Kendall County is an experience which came to us a week later, when Miss Griswold and I went circuit riding on our own account. It was after the institute in Houston that we caught the train to Pierce where we had been asked to speak to an evening meeting. Pierce—or more truly, the Pierce Estate, for there is no town, the great ranch stretching for many miles—lies some sixty miles southwest of Houston. We were due at eight o'clock, and Mrs. Borden had promised to meet the train and hurry us to the school house where the meeting was to be held. But eight o'clock came, and went; half past, and we were still lying on a siding some ten miles short of our journey's end, while endless cattle trains lumbered by. It was after nine when at last we saw the lights of the station, and felt the friendly grasp of Mrs. Borden's hand.

She told us they were all waiting, and we were bundled into a motor and whisked away through the night. Many of the people had come very early, and some of the children had gone to sleep on the benches.

"How ever did you fill in the time?" we asked.

"Oh, that was comparatively easy. First we had a talk on food conservation, and then, when there still was no sign of the train's coming, the Japanese farmer, a most intelligent man, one who has acted as interpreter at the Portsmouth Peace Conference, was prevailed upon to speak."

He was still at it when we arrived, and he went on loyally while we were secreted in a back room and the inner man refreshed with hot coffee and beaten biscuit. But never have I seen such intense relief as overspread his countenance when at last we emerged, and he was free to sink into a seat and mop a furrowed brow. The reënforcements had come up.

And the audience; there were the ranch foremen and their wives and children; the company storekeeper, brave little Japan's five children, and at the back, five or six cowpunchers in high, tooled, leather boots and jingling spurs. This is the missionary society. Once each month they meet, many of them driving a distance of eight, ten or twelve miles for an evening of prayer and study—they were just finishing *Around the World with Jack and Janet*—followed by a social hour. Once every month strains of militant music float out across the starlit prairie, and men's rough voices join with the piping treble of little children in the great petition: "Thy Kingdom Come".

REPORT OF DECEMBER CONFERENCE

IN view of its nearness to the Christmas festival, the December Conference of the Woman's Auxiliary was encouragingly attended, some thirty persons being present, although only seven dioceses were represented. These were Connecticut, Long Island, Massachusetts, Newark, New Jersey, New York and Tokyo.

The general secretary reported the close of the Pilgrimage of Prayer and its unprecedented success throughout the Auxiliary. She also reported the following suggested plans:

A series of papers on the duties and aims of presidents, secretaries and treasurers of diocesan branches; suggested readings to go with box work, as adding to intelligent work in this connection; the special observance hereafter of Friday in each week, as a day of prayer, thus continuing the idea of the Pilgrimage of Prayer; that on one Sunday in the year at some corporate celebration, the United Offering be uppermost in the minds of the members who assemble; a series of leaflets to be distributed on consecutive Sundays, to the uninterested women of the parish.

The prayers and active interest of the Auxiliary are asked for the missionary campaigns which Dr. Patton is conducting.

A resolution was passed pledging the Auxiliary to the fullest extent in any advance the Board may contemplate during the coming year.

A resolution was also passed giving the sense of the meeting in favor of a children's and young people's missionary society, auxiliary to the Board and taking the place of the present Junior Department.

The discussion as to the wisdom of having a separate boys' society brought out the point that the boys, given the same opportunities for study and interest as the girls, would not lose interest with advancing years. It is frequently assumed that boys are not interested in missions, that they should be amused rather than required to work, and because there is no outlet for their energy as there is among the girls (missionary sewing, etc.), many of them are lost not only to the cause of missions, but to the Church itself.

In the opinion of the meeting, such a society was considered inadvisable, since a society composed of both boys and girls might be much better.

A motion was made and carried that the name of the proposed society be the Junior Auxiliary to the Board of Missions.

The opinion here expressed that the connotation of the term was unfortunate in that it had come generally to mean a girls' organization, was met with the statement that this impression might be eradicated by impressing upon both boys and girls their direct relation and responsibility to the Board of Missions.

Then the children of the school might be considered full members of the Auxiliary, only on condition that they attended weekly meetings and gave their work and time in this way and also attended Sunday-school.

We must correct the idea which exists in the minds of most people that missions are extra, and that everything else comes first.

The meeting adjourned for the usual noonday prayers.

OFFICERS' CONFERENCE

TO be held Thursday, February twenty-first, at the Church Missions House. Holy Communion in the chapel at ten o'clock, conference in the Board Room at ten-thirty. Subject: Discussion on Programme for the Triennial of 1919.